

MACLEAN'S

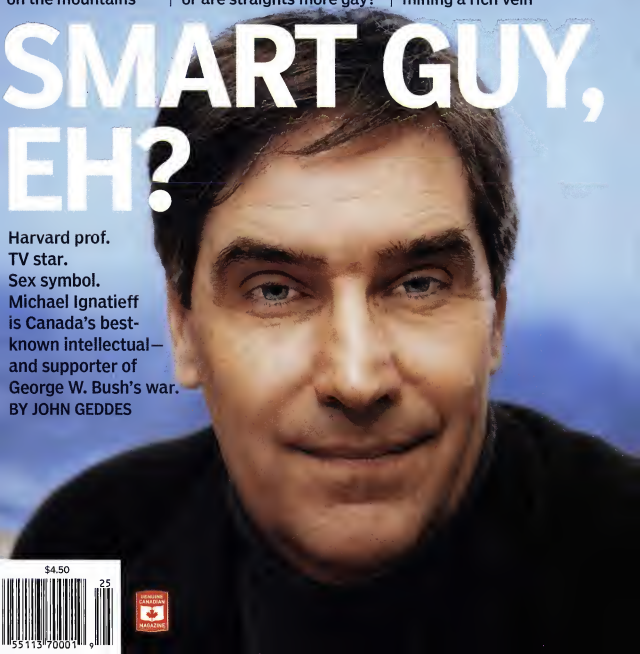
BORN TO BE WILD
The people who take
on the mountains

BLURRING LINES
Are gays going straight
or are straights more gay?

GOLDEN BOY
Robert McEwen is
mining a rich vein

SMART GUY, EH?

Harvard prof.
TV star.
Sex symbol.
Michael Ignatieff
is Canada's best-
known intellectual—
and supporter of
George W. Bush's war.
BY JOHN GEDDES



\$4.50

25



The designers of OPENOFFICE
AN ARTS + ARCHITECTURE COLLABORATIVE

IBM

www.ibm.co.uk/think

They think about:
incorporating outside
cultural and design
influences to create
new architecture.

We thought about:
developing one-button data recovery
for software, so their important
files (and designs) stay protected.

The new IBM ThinkCentre™ desktop.
Select models feature the Intel® Pentium® 4 Processor.



IBM recommends Microsoft® Windows® XP Professional for Business.

© 2005 International Business Machines Corporation. All rights reserved. IBM, the IBM logo, and Think are trademarks of International Business Machines Corporation. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.



HAVING A GAY NEW TIME

Same-sex marriages are a sign that gays are losing their stigma—and style

MORE THAN a decade ago, I lived for a while in a small town outside Ottawa on the Quebec side of the provincial divide. The house I lived in on my street was two doors away from the only gay couple living there were Anglophone and Francophone, and used the two languages interchangeably. They lived quietly and kept mostly to themselves, although they always nodded to neighbours and occasionally stopped to chat when they took their dog out for walks.

They were, in short, ideal neighbours. They were also gay. Until that point, the only known gay people I'd met were those I interviewed in the course of work, such as AIDS activists, or men afflicted with the disease. In the Montreal neighbourhood where I grew up, we didn't know anyone gay—or, at least, anyone who owned up to being so. Not coincidentally, nobody in our teenage group in the 1970s talked about gay or lesbian people, we referred to hippies, queers, homosexuals, poofs, dykes, etc.—and we just knew, without ever needing say, that they were utterly unlike us in every way.

When you're growing up, upon meeting my gay neighbours in a casual social context, we have many things in common rather than divided as I can't really say I've ever spent time fretting about the sedatives of my rough beard, gay or straight, but I'm always happy to bitch about things like tax rates and garbage pickup with them. And so we came to legalization of gay marriages, as the Ontario Court of Appeal did last week with a ruling that revisited the traditional definition of marriage as a union solely between man and woman. The federal Liberals waffled as to whether they'd appeal the ruling to the Supreme Court. And Alberta's Ralph Klein threatened to invoke the notwithstanding clause to preserve the status quo. It's hard to understand the opposition. Gays aren't asking for government money, tax breaks, preferential status in seeking jobs, redress of past grievances or other rights or privileges that would set them apart from others. Rather, gay and lesbian

couples want to be able to declare their commitment in the same way straight couples who love each other enough to marry.

Marriage is the latest in a series of steps by which gays are joining mainstream society—and, as Victor Dwyer observes in his essay (page 42), some gays, as well as straight, are uneasy about that evolution. Among other things, should gays dance and dine as boldly as other men? Will straight guys have to listen to Lisa Minelli and Benet Service? Is this the end of the matter? The spreading of marriage overalls the past September episode, in which I learned, concerned that that has been exposed to gay influences, takes him to a real mall to straighten him out—only to discover that the mall workers are gay.

Marriage, for those people lucky and smart enough to do it right, is one of the things in life for which they're most grateful and proud. Legalizing gay marriage means some same-sex couples will, like the rest of us, ultimately men up, or find the joys, joys and peace of the best of marriages. None of that is anybody's business outside of those couples themselves. The ruling establishing that point came, appropriately, in June, the month most traditionally associated with weddings. And right before Canada Day, a time for pondering the importance of offering equal opportunities and responsibilities to everyone.

THIS WEEK'S COVER story on Michael Ignatieff marks the return of Ottawa's *Bu beau* Chef John Giddens to our pages. John spent the past year as a Niagara Fellow at Harvard University's Wellesley House.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

opinion@maclean.ca or comment on the Editor's page

MACLEAN'S

FOUNDING EDITOR: J. H. HARRISON

Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith

Executive Editors Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Deputy Editors Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor of Letters Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Art Director David Wright, John

Managing Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editorial Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Production Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Advertising Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Subscription Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Marketing Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Finance Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Human Resources Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Legal Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

IT Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Office Assistant Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Receptionist Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Security Guard Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Janitor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Postman Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Delivery Person Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Printer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Illustrator Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Photographer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Designer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Writer Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Assistant Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Copy Editor Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Proofreader Michael Ondaatje, David Wright, John

Typesetter</

MSN® Money

Check rates • Pay bills
Transfer funds • Track your
stocks • Get expert advice on
how to manage your money.

MSN® Autos

Research, new and used cars
Get insurance quotes • Compare
leases • Check out prices and
reviews • And go shopping.

MSN® Search

Find stuff to buy • Find people
Find businesses • Find the best
restaurant in town • Or what
the capital of Tennessee is.

MSN® Shopping

Comparison shop • Bargain hunt
Bid at auction • Find great gifts
Get all the releases you want
all in one place.



MSN.CA is your online guide to help you get things done. Whatever you want to do you, you can do it online, right here.

© 2002 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, the MSN logo and "More Useful Everyday" are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries.

MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



AND THE WINNERS ARE...

A job well done may be its own reward, but there's nothing quite like the satisfaction that comes with peer recognition. Who better to judge the quality of a person's work than those who know and understand it best?

In recent weeks, three *Maclean's* journalists have been singled out for such recognition. Most recently, Senior Writer Brian Bethune, above, won the 10th annual Jack Award, presented by the Book Promoters' Association of Canada. The award honours an individual within the publishing industry or media who has made a significant contribution to the promotion of Canada's writers and books.

Bethune, who reviews and writes about books and authors, also compiles the magazine's best-seller list. "I'm quite honoured to receive the Jack Award because of who the voters are—the people I work most closely with in the trade," says Bethune. "I'll also take it as a hint that I'm doing something right."

Other recent award winners include:

- Contributing Editor Solly Armstrong, above, received the 2002 Outstanding Achievement Award from the National Magazine Awards Foundation. Armstrong, the former editor of *Womanmaker's*, is also a long-time contributor to *Chatelaine*.
- Bennett Aubin, *Maclean's* Quebec Bureau Chief and a regular contributor to *L'actualité*, was presented with the Jean Paré Award for Journalist of the Year at the Grands prix du magazine *Québécois*. Aubin also won a silver award in the One-of-a-Kind category at the National Magazine Awards for a piece in *L'actualité*.

Maclean's editor Anthony Wilson-Smith says the awards are a testament to the quality and range of individual voices currently featured in the magazine.

"We've always sought to encourage uniformity of excellence, rather than uniformity of voice," notes Wilson-Smith. "The fact that these three journalists have been honoured by their peers and contemporaries at the highest levels of the industry shows that we're on the right track."

For further information about this article, contact behindthescenes@macleans.ca.
For recent articles by Brian Bethune, Solly Armstrong and Bennett Aubin, visit our Web site at www.macleans.ca.



MSN® Money Check mortgage rates, say hi to, transfer funds, track your stocks, get expert advice on how to manage your money. **MSN.CA** is your online guide to help you get things done. Shop, search, bank, email—whatever you want to do you can do it online, here.

Money

Autos

Shopping

Search

Internet

My MSN

"SARS, West Nile and mad cow deserve our attention, but the three horsemen aren't saddling up just yet. Now is not the time to panic." —CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON, *Toronto Star*, Oct.

Letters to the Editor (editor@torontostar.com)

Perspective is everything

Up to now, fewer than 900 people worldwide have died from SARS since its emergence several months ago, yet uncoupled millions of dollars have been spent on research, treatment and education about the disease (Cover, June 9). The cases and deaths from West Nile virus are even fewer. Yet each day, thousands die of tuberculosis, malaria and HIV/AIDS-related causes. We have the technology and, in most cases, the medicines to treat these devastating diseases. What we lack is the political will to do so. Let's put less energy and money into the overdeveloped world's diseases and tackle those that can really make an impact on the oppressed and disempowered.

Dr. Robert C. Dickson, Calgary

It is impossible not to sympathize with Toronto's predicament, suffering as it does the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Having recently received a rating taken from the British paper the *Independent* of May 11, 2003, I would concur with Jonathan Darbish's well-rounded piece ("Too Fantasy," June 9). His feature on Canadian photographer/artist Edward Burtynsky, who has an exhibition of work in a London gallery, the tone is set in the opening sentence: "When I get through to Edward Burtynsky, he's in the middle of a plague." Burtynsky, far from diagnosing this hyperbole, is quoted describing Toronto as "the new leper colony of the 21st c." It is precisely this irresponsible causal propagation of the SARS myth that causes misery well beyond those unfortunate enough to have been infected by the infectious virus. As Samuel Johnson said in 1778: "It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

Robbie Anderson, Oakville, Ont.

Tobacco smoke causes more than 80 per cent of all lung cancers, 25 per cent of all throat cancers and 35 per cent of all strokes. Tobacco kills 45,000 people a year, more than all other preventable causes of death and dis-



ease in Canada put together. A long-term smoker's chances of dying from tobacco are 50-50. And chances are quite a few of these smokers will help kill quite a few non-smokers along the way, too. So why was tobacco omitted from the article on risk and the accompanying "What are the chances?" chart on causes of death?

R.C. Hill, Toronto

Thank goodness someone in the media finally stated the obvious (Bless you, Mr. Wilson-Smith, for putting the health scare in perspective [The Editor's Letter, June 2]). Why people are so forgetful and complacent baffles me—when I mention the discovery of antibodies to something fairly recent in history, I am met with a confused stare. The same applies when I mention the illnesses that are missing, rapidly and reliably cure, as well as those without cures in other parts of the world. Can we really be an "advanced" society by this ignorance?

Dr. Carol Nadeau, Oshawa, Ont.

What's your source?

Your brief Iraq report (The Week, June 9) notes that six U.S. soldiers were killed and 24 were wounded in various incidents. How did you learn that the major attacks came from "guest-fighter" loyal to Saddam

Hussein? Did you interview these men before, during or after the firefight? Isn't it plausible that these are simply Iraqis who want the Americans—and all the destruction they bring with them—to get out of their country?

Rob Brodeur, Toronto

Crime against humanity

I hope a "mad cow" problem in Alberta becomes serious enough for the regulators, ranchers and feedlot operators to realize it is not wise to feed cows to pigs and pigs to cows, let alone cows to cows. And who is watching in the rendering plants or on the pellet-mill processing plants to see that no cow parts get into the pig pens and no pig parts get into the cow pens? Animals should at least have the right not to be fed to eat themselves. If this happened in the human world it would be considered a crime against humanity punishable by law.

Mary Ann, Regina

Growth economics

In stating the problems facing our wildlife, you suggest helpful courses of corrective action such as contributing to the David Suzuki Foundation's laudable suggestions. As the foundation well knows, however, and has eloquently addressed, the underlying cause of virtually all environmental problems is our maintenance of an acquisitive system that functions on a constantly increasing consumption of goods and services. Conservation measures that avoid that basic problem do little more than slow the rate of increase of degradation. "Live large" is the slogan of one recent ad—"You owe it to yourself," says another. Call it greed and gluttony, if you want, but it keeps the system rolling with the technical fix hiding the bad guys.

John Raymond, Mississauga, Ont.

Subversive insights

Although it is clear that one cannot rely solely on mainstream media for accurate reporting of almost any issue these days, it is very refreshing to read Peter Menzies's mainstream column that is as clear and legitimate as anything ("The 'Real' Iraq Story," June 9). In a climate where his words will inevitably be labeled as outrageous or frowned upon as distinctly anti-American, I applaud Menzies for speaking his mind.

Pedro Fernandez, Okanagan, Ont.

"PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE LEAVES YOU ADDLED, A LITTLE DIZZY AND OVERCOME BY A PLEASING UNPLACEABLE SENSATION."

A.O. SCOTT, THE NEW YORK TIMES



GET IT JUNE 24 ON SPECIAL EDITION DVD AND VIDEO!

2-DISC SPECIAL EDITION DVD SPECIAL FEATURES INCLUDE:

- DELETED SCENES
- "BUSHING A BUSHY" REQUIEM
- 12 INTERVIEW FEATURES
- 12-PAGE BOOKLET WITH EXCLUSIVE ARTWORK
- WIDESCREEN PRESENTATION
- HIGHEST QUALITY PICTURE AND SOUND PLAYS ON ALL DVD PLAYERS

WARNER BROS.

WARNER BROS.

DOLBY DIGITAL

Conflicting values

In "Educated and Adrift" (Over to You, June 9, 2003) Lisa V. Robles argues that granting a liberal arts program (in archaeology and environmental studies) at university equipped her with critical thinking skills that cause her to question everything. Now, as a graduate, she cannot figure out what she wants to do, and blames her university studies for this post-graduate lack of direction. Robles concludes by counselling those admitted to university to choose a "specific career" while those "lucky enough" not to be selected should go back to school. Yet in an era when access to university education is being continually reformed, such advice feeds the conservative, populist notion that the liberal arts are a frivolous waste of time and resources. Robles seems to suggest that we ought to scrap such programs and screen young people into corporate-friendly training programs so that they'll end up "getting the Lord River, wearing the pants, doing lunch." But these are, in fact, many recent graduates who are committed to the ideals that led them through university, who do aspire to "the NGO thing," or the archaeological thing, and still pay their exorbitant student loans without compromising their values. Robles's cynicism is an insult to the hard work of all these individuals.

Timothy Pethel, Sarnia, Ont.

Auditing Ottawa

Auditor General Sheila Fraser shouldn't fear she is undermining our faith in Ottawa with critical reports ("One tough question," May 19, June 2). We already have very low expectations that Ottawa continually fails to meet. My hope is that one day the auditor general will be in a position to release a report that doesn't find anything to be critical of and assures us that our tax dollars are being well spent. Until then, my only faith in that auditor general will remain in to do exactly what her job will be doing: providing some value for their portion of our tax dollars.

Donald McLean, Vancouver

Learning to love nature

I was a timid elementary schoolteacher who taught for 36 years in Ontario and was disturbed to read "How to heal nature" (Cover, June 2) about the problems besetting our natural habitats in Canada. When I



"We must teach children to love nature"

started teaching, children learned to identify plants and animals by sight. Youngsters watched the wildlife around them and marvelled at it. They truly learned to appreciate the world. Over the years, the curriculum has changed and now leans almost entirely toward chemistry, physics and mathematics and away from natural sciences. We must return to an appreciation of the environment; we must teach young children to observe and love nature and the creatures around them. Until we have done this, I can't see these fields as all as even noticing that our wildlife is disappearing.

Kath Ann Windever, Seattle, Brit.

A ship full of holes

There's a big difference between a politician and a leader ("Troublesome Tories," June 16). True leaders, left, right or centre, create policies with a powerful, driving philosophy that shapes their policies, and they build a ship with a destination in mind. Politicians, on the other hand, really don't care about the destination—their only goal is to be captain of the ship. They'll sail anywhere just so they can wear the hat and hold the wheel. Sadly, federal Conservative leader Peter MacKay showed, in spectacular fashion, that he's only a politician. He took over the PC ship, but he shot it full of holes. The passengers are drowning, and MacKay hasn't the vaguest idea where we're going. SOS.

Stephen MacEach, Sarnia, Ont.

Home is where the heart is

Based on my 45 years of real estate experience, I wish Donald Cox would add to his acknowledged area of expertise. His article

"Words of caution" (Column, June 2), regarding the advisability of buying a home in the current market, came over as being too stress removed from reality. The private home, according to a recent national public opinion survey by Compaq Inc., is seen as the best retirement investment in Canada. Home buyers are seldom much concerned about the business aspect of their actions, but are more motivated by tradition, family security, a sense of belonging, pride of ownership and the fact that one has relief somewhere. There have been many poor times to sell, but there has seldom been a poor time to buy one's own home.

Bill Towler, Chatham, Ont.

'Gender blenders'

I was disappointed in your "Understand gender" cover story (May 26). Unfortunately, there was little of illuminating scholarship and lots of the same old "boys will be boys" dribble. Our society has slowly accepted that some whites can dance, some blacks can quarterback and some Asians have science, and yet we hold onto our gender blenders with unusual tenacity. Sexism and homophobia continue to prevent girls and boys from venturing outside of their defined gender boundaries. I'm not saying that there aren't hormonal differences that kick in later in adolescence, but let's stop assigning gender to everything and honestly give children a chance to explore who they are as individuals.

Catherine Lakin, Toronto

Honour Roll

I would like to nominate Gary Hyland for the Maclean's 18th annual Honour Roll. Hyland is an award-winning writer who has worked hard to improve the quality of life on the Prairies. He is the driving force behind Moose Jaw's three-day Festival of World, which celebrates Canadian literary artists each autumn.

Shale Fink, Moose Jaw, Sask.

For the past three decades, the dedicated volunteer women of Vancouver Rape Relief and Women's Shelter have been helping thousands of victims. Each year, they receive over 1,200 calls and shelter over 120 women and their children. This amazing group is deserving of inclusion on your Honour Roll.

Paula Marshall Smith, Vancouver



In 18k yellow gold with President bracelet. Also available in 18k pink or white gold with Oyster or President bracelet, or in platinum with a diamond bezel and President bracelet. Waterproof to 100 metres.

www.rolex.com

For the name and address of your nearest authorized Rolex jeweller

please contact Rolex Canada Ltd., 50 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1C7. 416-298-1100

ROLEX

I AM A POLICE OFFICER.

I HAVE X-RAY VISION. I HAVE THE POWER TO SEE A BANK ROBBERY FROM ACROSS TOWN. I HAVE THE POWER TO SEE HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE ROBBING THE BANK. I EVEN HAVE THE POWER TO SEE WHICH ONE IS WEARING THE SKI MASK. I AM MORE THAN A POLICE OFFICER.



I AM A NETWORK.

I AM THE X-RAY GLASSES. I AM A WIRELESS NETWORK. I HAVE THE POWER TO SEND VIDEO AND DATA WITHOUT THE USE OF WIRES. I HAVE THE POWER TO LINK A BANK'S SURVEILLANCE CAMERA TO A SQUAD CAR EN ROUTE TO A ROBBERY. I HAVE THE POWER TO SHOW COPS WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST. I AM HERE TO PROTECT AND SERVE. I AM MORE THAN A NETWORK.



CISCO SYSTEMS



THIS IS THE POWER OF THE NETWORK. NOW

cisco.com/powernetwork

Since the major
new supply chain laws like it's been

put together with duct tape.

"I know I'm being inefficient. I just don't know where."

Change can make your supply chain suddenly outdated and wasteful. And that can be worse than just losing money. It can mean losing longtime customers or market share. Brown® can help. Our supply chain team can work with you to sort out inefficiencies in your transportation, inventory and distribution networks, and reconfigure them. But we don't just develop new plans; we can help you implement and manage them too. So use the duct tape, get to work with Brown today. To learn more, call 1-800-Pick UPS or visit UPS.com.

YOUR SUPPLY CHAIN. SYNCHRONIZED.



WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU?™

©2008 UPS. All rights reserved. UPS and the UPS logo are trademarks of UPS of America, Inc.

THEWEEK



Middle East: A hellish turn in the road map to peace

Israeli helicopter gunships swooped low over Gaza City's crowded streets and unleashed a barrage of missiles. The target: Abdel Aziz al-Rantisi, the political boss of the Palestinian terrorist group Hamas. Al-Rantisi and his teenage son managed to escape, but two Palestinians were killed in the attack—a response to an earlier proclamation when gunmen from three Palestinian groups stormed an Israeli army outpost, killing four soldiers. All this, just one week after Palestinian Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas shook hands with Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and U.S. President George W. Bush in Jordan, and pledged to implement the so-called road map to peace.

Sadly, it was only the beginning. On the heels of the al-Rantisi attack—signed that Israel no longer distinguished between Hamas's political and military wings—a Hamas suicide bomber killed 17 and wounded more than 70 on a Jerusalem bus. Israel's reprisal—sweeping away Hamas' network it

could find—left more than 46 people dead in four days, including a Hamas leader and his young family, returning from a funeral. Instead of seeking peace, Hamas accused Israel of dragging war. "We accept the challenge," said Hamas's Mahmoud Zahar. "Every Israeli is a target."

This was not what was supposed to happen. Israel had taken the first tentative step toward peace, shutting down 10 unauthorized Jewish settler outposts, many already abandoned. In turn, Abbas was to convince Hamas to stop its bombings. But the Hamas leadership refused, saying Abbas had given up too much in Jordan. Faced with the escalating violence, an angry Bush chastised Israel and called on Arab and other countries to ensure all money flowing to Hamas is cut off. But as they buried their dead in Gaza City, angry crowds waved their flags in cheer and shouted, "Revenge!" The first victims of their rage may be Bush's road map to peace.

An Israeli airstrike kills seven in Gaza, Sharon declares all-out war on Hamas

▼ **Good** Politicians in Israeli village demand reimbursement of their prison—who was caught after returning to an attack. And since you're in, as something else.



ScoreCard

▲ **Prize** design, U.S. monochrome culture, music. Brown's Toys Industry selling rally borrowing notes in pots.

Score: 100. Finally a war for peace of peace. New, living back get rock, and Canadian farmers will have to plant crops again.

▼ **Prize** television country stars. Adrenaline. When Allen to all expectations with angry America. No more freedom lines—Allen leaves. Harris dies and French. History would rather swap spit with choice eating survival market.

▼ **Bad** boxer. Company ends century long tradition of selling water. A first floor. Circuit to 100,000. In the arena. Substitutes same paid. Perseus blind and chocolate. American Brown. Starbucks on internet. Mosaic head, more Betty.

▼ **Good** Politicians in Israeli village demand reimbursement of their prison—who was caught after returning to an attack. And since you're in, as something else.

▲ **Prize** American's argument for winning. Shipments. TV cartoon about a superhero coming in a 10-page. A cartoon to action by vibrating belly-button ring, and asked in her quest to be detecting brains. Cartoon idea that terrorist allows she's suggested the truth.

Quote of the week: 'The voluntary union for life of two persons to the exclusion of all others.' THE CHURCH COURT OF APPEAL (definition of marriage, gay and otherwise)

COVER: BLOOMBERG VIA GETTY IMAGES; PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE GRANITZ

MAGAZINE | JAN 20, 2008 | 11



OUTPOST Whispers trickled back from jungle hiding places as French peacekeepers, with Canada's help, set up a medical command centre in Burma in the Democratic Republic of Congo, devastated by civil fighting, often involving armed teenagers, but Mised more than the two million in four years and the 1,500-strong UN contingent is a mere 1,000 troops. And fighters, not to capture the 30,000 or so war-torn people in the region.

WORLD

IRAQ In one of the worst fighting since hostilities were deemed to have ended two months ago, U.S. jets pounded what they characterized as a terrorist training camp north of Baghdad. Nearly 100 Iraqis, it was said, were killed in two separate battles, one following an attack on a U.S. tank.

Hans Blix, who is referring from his post of chief UN weapons inspector, accused unnamed U.S. officials of waging a smear campaign against him.

EURO Tony Blair said both yes and no to adopting the euro as Britain's national currency. A long-expected referendum on the pound was put off for another year while the Labour government promised to campaign on the euro's behalf.

ANTHRAX The FBI drained a pond in Frederick, Md., near the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute for Infectious Diseases,

searching for evidence to the deadly anthrax attacks of October 2001. Five people were killed when the volatile airborne bacteria was mailed to media outlets and two U.S. senators.

ANCIENTS Three thousand skulls—of two adults and a child—found in Ethiopia's Rift Valley are the first physical evidence that modern-day humans may have evolved from a small group of Africans. Nearly 180,000 years old, the skulls are the oldest human remains unearthed and how the decisive broad forehead and thick bones of Homo sapiens.



NORTH KOREA The Communist leader said it wants to develop a nuclear bomb so it can out its conventional forces, and divert money to its collapsed economy. Richard Pate, the influential White House adviser

and leading architect of the war on Baghdad, told an interviewer that the U.S. should consider destroying North Korea's nuclear facilities.

CHINA Billionaire orchid exporter Yang Bin, one of China's most successful entrepreneurs, was put on trial for bribery in a case involving very small sums. Observers said the real reason for his fall was that he helped North Korea earn foreign currency without Beijing's approval.

IRAQ Three rights of student protests spilled over into the suburbs of Irbid. Students, government workers and women in drab, some chanting "Down with the mullahs," fought with riot police and other groups.

COUPS Attempted coups were rebuffed in Liberia, whose strongman leader Charles Taylor was induced by a special UN court in neighbouring Sierra Leone to a war criminal, and also in Mauritania, where pro-West leader Moustapha Ould Sid' Ahmed

Ever notice how their travel blackouts coincide with your vacations?



THE WISDOM OF HAVING FLEXIBILITY



Apply now and get 7500 bonus points

There are no travel blackout periods with the new RBC Royal Bank® Visa® Platinum Amex Card. You can use your points to travel where you want, when you want. You can also redeem points on over 60 airlines in Canada and around the world. Earn one point for every dollar you spend, plus redeem points through RBC Rewards® for holiday packages, car rentals and more. Shouldn't your travel card be this flexible?

To apply call 1-877-RONALD-6-3 or visit www.rbcroyalbank.com/cash/amex. Bonus offer ends July 31/05.



RBC Royal Bank

A member of RBC Financial Group



WHEN IT POURS The annual monsoons, late this year, finally brought relief from the heat wave that has claimed 1,600 lives in India. As the week wore on, the rains, which flooded streets in the northern city of Agra (above), began to lull the hard-hit southeast.

Tips has locked up suspected Islamic extremists and arrested Imam.

Zimbabwe opposition leader Morgan Tsvangirai, already on trial on a controversial charge of treason, was jailed again. This time he was brought to court in shackles.

TALIBAN Four German peacekeepers were killed and 29 injured in a suicide attack in Afghanistan. Some 1,600 Canadian peacekeepers are due to arrive there in August. In nearby Pakistan, officials in the North West Frontier Province are refusing to allow

Islamic law in opposition to the modernizing views of President Pervez Musharraf.

METUENS New research by the WWF said that over 300,000 whales, dolphins and porpoises are being killed unintentionally each year—more than 800 a day—after being caught in “by-catchers” in fishing nets.

CANADA

JUSTICE Former Native leader David Atkinson, who provoked a national furor

in December when, among other things, he called Jews a disease, was charged with grossing up hate. He has apologized for the remarks. He's also the first non-white to be charged with such a crime, which can bring up to two years in jail.

Saskatoon's police chief admitted that leaving Natives on the outskirts of town was likely not an isolated event, as previous administrations had maintained. A provincial inquiry is being held into the death of 17-year-old Neil Stonechild 13 years ago, found frozen in a field after being in police custody.

SARS The World Health Organization said SARS appears to be under control in China, but it did not give the same clean bill of health to Taiwan or Canada, where suspicious cases in a dialysis clinic and two retirement homes in Whistler, just east of Toronto, caused concern. A man from North Carolina who contracted the respiratory ailment after visiting family in a Toronto retirement centre. The Ontario government offered cash payments up to \$4,000 for those quarantined.

POLITICS Jean Chrétien's reform of election financing was enacted through Parliament but at an extra cost to taxpayers. Corporate donations are cut back but taxpayers will still owe \$1.75 per vote per party, based on the previous election.

Ottawa also moved to crack down on white-collar crime, introducing tougher rules on insider trading and corporate account ability, the latter stemming from the Western milk disaster in 1992.

POLITICS Degraded former federal minister Allister Gillies, Canada's ambassador to Denmark and the subject of an RCMP probe, was rejected by the Vatican as the next ambassador to the Holy See, it was widely reported.

Finance Minister John Manley was told by Ottawa's ethics committee to avoid dealing with eight of the country's largest corporations, contributors to his leader's bid.

Ontario Environment Minister Chris Stockwell came under fire for taking his family along on a lavish European tour paid for largely by taxpayer-supported donations to his riding association. The association has contributed \$40,000 to the



The all-new Jaguar XJ Stronger. Faster. Safer. Smarter.

It's the first time a luxury sedan has ever been built with a monocoque structure made entirely from aluminium and with rivet-bonding technology found in the latest aerospace construction technologies.

This means for an XJ that is lightweight yet amazingly strong.

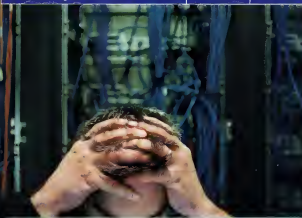
Fuel efficient yet dynamic. The all-new XJ. It's an entirely different animal.



JAGUAR
Electric performance

BY GUY DOLSON





Wouldn't things be simpler if the people who actually
build networks managed your network?

With over 120 years of leadership in telecommunications, 25 million client connections and more than 4,000 professionals dedicated to the world of business, Bell knows networks. So you can be sure we have the expertise to manage your network, take care of security, coverage voice and data, and handle online applications. We can make everything work together with seamless integration. Your capital and operational expenditures will be reduced. And technological obsolescence will no longer hold you back. All in all, things will be simpler when your network solutions are managed through a single source – the people who built Canada's trusted network.

Call your representative or visit
enterprise.bell.ca/9



THEWEEK



CALL HOME

In 1955, a young Mary Schuster (shown here with brother Peter) left her Saskatchewan farm, and that was the last her family saw of her. (This last week, when she was brought to a Calgary hospital, disoriented and dressed as a man—as she'd lived for years, in her pocket: a note with her brother's name.

airline's travel) over the past two years.

Federal privacy commissioner George Radenski is being investigated by a parliamentary committee for submitting false expense information. He spent nearly \$168,000 last year on travel, including \$47,000 on seven international trips.

ORIGINS A 53-year-old British-born farmer cut off his thumb and little finger with a Swiss Army knife after spending almost three days in a remote field, his hand trapped in a woodpecker machine. Neighbours who found him hanging on the implement for help thought he was just fleeing it. Bruce O'Leary said he was hallucinating when he made the cut, and that helped with the finger. By the time he went to hospital, gangrene had set in and the hand was amputated.

A Toronto mother became so enraged after ad workers removed four of her children that she grabbed a neighbour, another single mother, whom she blamed for calling authorities. The hands were surgically re-attached but not disinfected, so they will be. Children's Aid said the injured woman was not the one who called them.

MAD-COW Western premiers want Ottawa to pick up the horn's share of a \$400-million compensation package for donors who shut beef industry and were said to be holding up health-care reforms to force Ottawa's hand.

A second farm bred deer in Alberta has tested positive for chronic wasting disease, a mad-cow variant that has infected thousands of wild deer and elk on the Prairies and in the western United States.

QUEBEC In its first budget, the new Liberal government took an axe to corporate welfare, slashing business subsidies by nearly \$800 million.

The provincial auditor also chastised the gaudy *Cause de dépit* person band for its opulent new head office and for frittering away \$30 million on an investment fund into high finance.

CHILD PORN Acting on a tip from the U.S., Toronto police arrested a 28-year-old teaching assistant at Upper Canada College for possessing what was described as a large quantity of child pornography. This is the third case of sexual misconduct to have surfaced at UCC, one of the country's most elite schools for boys.

HEALTH

VACCINES U.S. health authorities stepped on a toes vaccine to the Midwest after 54 people showed signs of necrotizing, a rare African disease that appears to have been transmitted from imported Gambian rats to pet purple dogs at humans. The investigation has spread to 15 states.

SPINAL BREAKTHROUGH University of Calgary researchers, working with rice, used a concrete antibiotic used to treat cane cankers to increase mobility and limit the harmful inflammation in an injured spinal cord.



Intelligent clothes for smart women



Politics | A heavy premium

Forget about government debt, a staggering economy, the crumbling health care system. Skyrocketing auto insurance premiums are the new obstacle on the road to political power. Just ask New Brunswick Premier Bernard Lord, only months ago touted as a savior of the fed and Tory party. His inability to do anything about the high cost of car insurance nearly drove his governing Progressive Conservatives into the ditch in last week's provincial election. Barring any changes due to reversals, Lord's Tories now hold 38 seats, while Shawn Graham's Liberals have 36—a humbling result for a government that entered the campaign with a massive 47-seat majority.

The depth of public anger over premiums caught Lord's team completely by surprise. As opposition attacks intensified, the Tories backed away from their support for market-driven rates and promised to force a "no-frills" package of less coverage for lower

premiums on the industry. But with the G7s pushing for a 25-per-cent rate drop, the U-turn wasn't enough to avoid a house fire.

Why should politicians in other provinces care? Well, there's the fact that insurance rates have a habit of surfacing as an election issue every decade or so, usually on the heels of a tumbling stock market and a poor investment climate. Last year, auto premiums jumped 26 per cent nationally, according to StatCan, and were dramatically higher in some parts of Atlantic Canada—hence the special anger down East. The Bank of Canada is worried enough that it launched a review of premiums amid concern that soaring rates have become a key factor in creating inflation.

Little wonder provincial governments are scrambling to renege insurance premiums from the public market. Last week, a day after the New Brunswick election, Ontario Premier Ernie Eves told a radio talkshow that his government will soon unveil changes to curb premiums even as the opposition Lib-

eralists and New Democrats were hammering out their own plans for improved consumer protection. Alberta's Ralph Klein is bawling about introducing claims-rapping legislation in the fall. And a similar storyline is unfolding in Nova Scotia, likely the next province to test the electorate. John Eyles's Tory government froze car premiums in May, pending seven recommendations from a consumer advocate. It shouldn't wait too long: Nova Scotia's Liberals, neck-and-neck with the PCs in the polls, are promising a 15-per-cent cut in insurance premiums in return for restricting how much victims can claim for short-term pain—something the insurance industry blames for increased costs. Follow Tony Lead on giv'g lessons about the dangers of indecision when it comes to auto insurance. With the talent of majorities, Lord should also be an authority on no-short-term pain.

JOHN DUMPT

We're always thinking up new ways to communicate.
Apparently you are too.



We know there's no limit to the ways people will express themselves. That's why we're working hard to provide so many ways to help you communicate.

To get in the game, call 1-888-ROGERS1 or visit www.rogers.com



Rogers Hi-Speed Internet • Rogers Digital Cable • Rogers Video • Rogers AT&T® Wireless
Rogers Sportsnet • OMNI • The FAN 550 • 680 All News Radio • 98.1 CHN • Jack FM • Maclean's
Today's Parent • Chatelaine • Canadian Business • Profit • Flare • Toronto Blue Jays

ROGERS. EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN COMMUNICATIONS, INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

*Rogers, Bell, Telus and all Rogers trademarks owned by Rogers Communications Inc. used under license. Rogers and Rogers logo are trademarks. All other trademarks owned by their respective owners.

SMART GUY, EH?

MICHAEL IGNATIEFF is used to being admired in his native Canada, not to mention abroad. His genre-leaping successes as a writer and broadcaster—reporting from hot spots in books and documentaries, defying the legacy of a major 20th-century political theorist in his biography of Immanuel Kant, and even making the Booker Prize short list for his novel *Sour Times*—confer among the most influential Canadian thinkers. And it doesn't hurt that, at 56, the former CBC talk-show host remains his made-for-TV looks and offbeat eloquence. But these days Ignatieff is coming in for as much criticism as adulation on foreign back to Canada from his day job as a human-rights professor at Harvard University. The issue that has driven a wedge between him and many of his Canadian fans: Ignatieff was arguably the most prominent liberal supporter of the U.S. invasion of Iraq.

On a recent lecture swing through Manhattan and Saskatchewan, Ignatieff took his fans, in question-and-answer sessions, from audiences that saw his hardish stance

Harvard prof, TV star, Sex symbol. Michael Ignatieff is Canada's best-known intellectual—and supporter of George W. Bush's war. BY JOHN GEDDES



as letting down the liberal side. He says he was happy to hear them out. "All opponents to the contrary, I believe I'm a highly fallible person," Ignatieff told Maclean's in an interview in his office at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government. Not that he has changed his mind. He argues that anti-war Canadians were too worried about the way Washington was doing its military trade—and nowhere near outraged enough over how Saddam Hussein had long used his. "What I felt was disappointing about a lot of Canadian opposition to the war was that very few people seemed to give a damn about the human-rights situation," Ignatieff says. "Very few seemed to care that peace had the consequence of leaving 26 million people under a really odious tyranny."

What makes Ignatieff's siding of Canadian roots with a off between a cerebral media star and his home crowd is the way he led the war debate to much deeper critique of Canada's place in the world. His concern is not so much that Canada should have fought in Iraq, but that Canadians may be fooling themselves into believing that by staying on the sidelines their nation was holding true to its principles. Those values might be summed up as United Nations-based multilateralism, bolstered by a glorious tradition of peacekeeping and generosity toward poor countries. In fact, Ignatieff argues, Ottawa's stingy foreign aid budgets and eroded contribution to UN peacekeeping—a result of perennially low defense spending—have long since rendered that glowing image of Canada's profile abroad more myth than reality. "You can't be a multilateralist on the cheap," he said. "You can't sit there lecturing about the legitimacy of the UN being perpetuated over Iraq if your own development assistance numbers are as lousy as ours are."

He still says "ours." Ignatieff continues to define himself very much as a Canadian—a "patriot" at that—even though he hasn't lived in the country of his birth for a long time. He has spent most of his adult life in Britain and the U.S. as a high-brow broadcaster, best-selling author and mid-career professor. (He pleads not to be tagged a "public intellectual," even though he speaks the species.) His taste for the expatriate life might well be inferred from his

His stand on Iraq has driven a wedge between him and his Canadian fans



father, George Ignatieff, who died in 1989, was a panoplastic diplomat in the Pearsonian generation, one of the legendary post-Second World War foreign policy envoys who are credited with forging a golden age for Canada on the international stage.

The sonnet Ignatieff ended his diplomat career as ambassador to the United Nations. In fact, so deep was his father's commitment to the UN that Ignatieff suspects he would never have supported the U.S. invasion of Iraq without the world body's approval. "The idea that he has broken away from his father's convictions seems to weigh heavier on Ignatieff than the disapproval of many of his liberal contemporaries and a wide swath of his reading public. "If you ask me why it was tough supporting this war," he reflects, "part of it was that I heard father calling."

Despite these very personal hangings, Ignatieff confesses that he is staying true to the legacy of his father's era in a broader sense. "We invented peacekeeping," he says. "But to be a serious peacekeeper in a modern world of failed states and civil wars, you have to have tanks, helicopters, military lift capability." He points to peacekeeping de-

George Ignatieff (upper left); Canadian forces in Cyprus, 1988 (lower left), and in Somalia, 1992 (above); U.S. troops in Baghdad with Iraqis waiting for an emergency payment.

loads of recent years, from Somalia to Serbia to Rwanda, as evidence that blue boots need to be backed up by real military might. But Canada's defence budget just isn't big enough to consistently put that sort of force behind many UN missions. And it shows. A recent ranking of commitment to peacekeeping by the Winnipeg-based Center for Global Development ranked Canada 17th out of 21 developed nations, ahead of only the U.S., Sweden, Japan and Switzerland. And in the same report card, Canada did only a couple of notches better, 15th place, on our foreign aid playing.

For Ignatieff, though, the plight of civilians in strife-torn states is much more than the dry stuff of a think tank's report. "We're torn apart from most other deep thinkers on foreign affairs in his firm-hand expert crew in the hottest conflict zones. His next book, due to hit Canadian bookshelves in the fall, finds him again reporting from blood-soaked ground, this time in Bosnia, Kosovo and Afghanistan. In time, *Dogma City*, a Ignatieff's term for the way Americans used

force in temporary "action building" operations in those dangerous places—and now in Iraq. Unlike Washington's many critics, however, Ignatieff stresses that he uses the word empire not as a pejorative, but merely to try to capture the reality of U.S. power around the globe. And he is far more willing than most who would rail the contemporary U.S. imperial to acknowledge the good that can come from the exercise of that power—especially where he has witnessed the misery the worst regimes can inflict when they are left to terrorize their own populations.

He supported the NATO air war in Kosovo after he personally saw refugees pouring across the Serbian province's borders into Macedonia and Albania in 1998, fearing for their lives in the face of ethnic cleansing by Serbian forces. "I remember the witch going in my head, this has to be stopped." When what to do about Iraq became an unresolvable question last fall, Ignatieff's mind turned to his experiences a decade earlier in the country's northern Kurdish region. The independence-seeking Kurds were brutally

repressed by Saddam Hussein's army. Those memories may be what pushed Ignatieff into the regime change camp. "I was there in late 1993, talked to victims, talked to survivors," Ignatieff says. "We know that tens of thousands of Kurds either died, disappeared or were driven from their homes. So that is when the train went into my soul on this one."

The convictions of most academics for or against the war were, well, academic. But Ignatieff is a way of making himself heard beyond the ivory tower. He took out a measured pro-war position last January in a controversial New York Times Magazine essay that generated a torrent of reaction, including a lot of shock among his friends and colleagues. He says he had trouble sleeping. While he rejects charges that he sound ed like an apologist for George W. Bush's policy, Ignatieff did write that the new U.S. empire's "great news for free men, women, human rights and democracy, enforced by the most awesome military power the world has ever known."

Hard to imagine Dick Cheney or Donald Rumsfeld quibbling with that. Suddenly Ignatieff, a self-declared "very cautious,

pragmatic, liberal socialist," found himself helping the conservatives make their case. He'd come a long way from his days demonizing against the Vietnam War at the University of Toronto. "This time over Iraq, I don't like the company I am keeping, but I

"YOU CAN'T sit there bleating about the legitimacy of the UN if your overseas development assistance numbers are as lousy as ours"

think they are right on the issue," he wrote while U.S. tanks rolled through the desert.

That was while the war was still raging. What about its aftermath? On Ansen, Ignatieff is ready to temporarily run the country if it conquered. Ignatieff admits he mis-calculated. In his role as director of Harvard's Carr Center for Human Rights Policy, he has regular contact with U.S. military officers. Ignatieff says such discussions led him to believe that a U.S. invasion would be followed quickly by well-thought-out steps

to restore order. "My assumptions were based on a lot of talk we do at the Carr Center with U.S. military planners," he says. "We've had conferences on that, saying, 'Have you gone through this checklist, how jobs, resources, that sort of thing?' And it was on the basis of this that I lent the war an antiseptic, heart-to-mouth support."

Now he joins many observers who never supported the war in the first place in blaming Bush for "sponsoring post-war reconstruction." Yet coming from Ignatieff, that judgment may seem a little hasty, given that back in his January New York Times Magazine essay, he warned "Order, liberal democracy, will take a decade to consolidate in Iraq."

It may take just as long for the cynicism of Bush's willingness to invade without a UN mandate to be fully digested. Ignatieff sees the decision by Bush and Britain's Tony Blair to act on their own, after giving up over getting French and Russia approved at the Security Council, as a long overdue wake-up call for anyone who continues to insist on such fish in the UN—including many Canadians. "Tearing Canada, what bothered me was that the only legitimacy that

mastered to most of the audience was the legal legitimacy of the UN," he says. "Well, the UN screwed up in Rwanda, it screwed up in Bosnia—it screwed up most of the time." In a seminar for Kennedy School staff earlier this position, Ignatieff was even more blunt: "The United Nations is messy, wasteful, logrolling organization."

Then comes George Ignatieff's son? Actually, Ignatieff has not quite written off the UN. While he doesn't see the Security Council going ahead as a proponent for a just war, he still sees the UN, for all its faults, as "the best franchise of legitimacy in the world and a very good program delivered." It's up to countries like Canada to persuade Washington that using the UN will continue to be in its best interests much of the time. And to make that case, Ignatieff does not need to resort to high-minded rhetoric about an international community that he scoffs at as "suffocating." Instead, he suggests, the U.S. should be made to see the pragmatic advantages of working through the UN—including avoiding the cost of humanitarian interventions. "Unilateral empire is a bad choice for America," he says, pointing out that American troops may end up having to foot virtually the entire bill for helping rebuild Iraq.

As for Canada, there's no real alternative to trying to throw up the UN as a counterbalance to Empire Inc. "A small power has to leverage alliance relationships," Ignatieff says. He cites the creation of the International Criminal Court and the treaty banning landmines as examples of Canadian practices that got wide international support, although not from the U.S. But to his credit, Ignatieff's view that UN-based action still holds promise rings hollow. Lloyd Axworthy, the former foreign affairs minister who now heads the University of British Columbia's Institute for Global Issues, charges that in arguing for U.S. force in Iraq, Ignatieff gave up far too early on the chance of UN weapons inspections working. Axworthy says Ignatieff's "new liberal imperialism" takes a genuine concern for human rights in a dangerous direction. "He has drawn the wrong conclusions, frankly," he told *Maclean's*.

Axworthy holds that humanitarian convictions of the sort that underpinned Ignatieff's support for the war "cannot be used as a license for the U.S. to do what it likes." As for the other big justification for

the mission—Saddam's supposed drive to get weapons of mass destruction—Axworthy joins Bush's many critics in pointing to the U.S. failure so far to find caches of forbidden weapons. Iraq is leaving that key part of the case for the war in tatters.

But Ignatieff isn't shaken. No matter what turns up, or doesn't, he says Washington's sense of urgency over chemical, biological or nuclear weapons was genuine. "It is ideological clapnet to suppose that the Bush administration made up the risk. Saddam has been security threat in the Gulf for 20 years. His desire to acquire these weapons



"TO BE A serious peacekeeper in a modern world you have to have tanks, helicopters, military lift," he says. "Expensive."

was unreasonable, there isn't a serious man who doesn't think he's wanted to have them." And in the post-Sept. 11 era, Ignatieff agrees, it was too much to ask the Americans to live indefinitely with even a slight risk that Iraq's threat arsenal might be made available to terrorists.

Axworthy and a lot of other Canadians are not going to buy into Ignatieff's point of view any time soon. But that doesn't necessarily mean his influence in Canada has been seriously damaged by his pro-war position. For one thing, he is far from alone. Andrew Cohen, a professor of journalism and international affairs at Carleton University

Axworthy (above) is blunt: Ignatieff, he says, "has drawn the wrong conclusions."

in Ottawa and author of the current best-seller *While Canada Slept: How We Lost Our Place in the World*, shares many of Ignatieff's worries—along with the view that the Iraq war was justified under the banner of humanitarian intervention. "We made a fetish of the United Nations," Cohen says of the decision by Jean Chrétien's government to sit this one out. And while Cohen says he too would have felt more at ease had the been "Al Qaeda's war," the Liberal appeared willing to part company with the U.S. over this: more than "the assumption that anything a Republican president does is bad."

Margaret MacMillan, author of another book now riding the best-seller lists—*Paris 1919*, a history of the peace negotiations after World War I—also laments what she sees as the loss of a clear sense of Canada's mission in the world. MacMillan, a history professor at the University of Toronto, points to the long participation with Quebec's place in Canada as one reason. "A lot of our best minds were turned inward," she says. As well, as the Cold War dragged on, the superpower polarity often made it more futile for a small player to try to make a big impact. "We concluded that there wasn't much we could do one way or another." Now, though, she thinks Canadians—with the Cold War over and separatist uneasiness in Quebec as low ebb—show signs of being ready to re-engage with the world.

Could Ignatieff be part of a revival of the outward-looking spirit of his father's day? His unpopularity support for the Iraq war may well dull his appeal for many Canadians. "On balance, I was apparently on the far right of Canadian opinion," he admits. "So I didn't like it." And he is worried about leaving any impression that he is jumping from side to side. "Don't present my views as giving Canadian listeners," he says. "It's up to Canadians to make some choices."

But if Ignatieff is taking pains to be respectful, he is too passionate to ever be truly neutral. Early this month, he was in Ottawa, privately briefing top officials on the way he sees the world unfolding. So, as usual, insiders are listening. And the release of his latest book that fall will keep his opinions in the air for everyone else who cares to pay attention. Even for Canadians who felt betrayed by his position on the Iraq war, the chance to keep on seeing the world through Ignatieff's eyes may prove to be an experience too vivid to give up. **Q**

When the singer yells
"Nobody rocks like Chicago!"
 he's actually serious.

Free outdoor concerts. Neighborhood festivals. Intimate performances at the city's most hallowed venues. Chicago is coming alive with music. For information on special offers and available package deals, call 1-877-Chicago or visit www.877chicago.com/ca.

Play On Chicago

A city-wide music celebration. June 1–September 21.

**CHICAGO
ILLINOIS**

www.877chicago.com/ca



WHERE'S THE OPPOSITION?

Dissent is beginning to simmer in New York City. JONATHAN DURBIN reports

THE PUERTO RICANS paraded midtown Manhattan by torching "Two of the streets of our flooded Fifth Avenue near Central Park, most civil in red, white and blue—the colors as both the flag of the U.S. and the Caribbean island and the Stars and Stripes. Starline race-kawled patriotic ban doors for a buck, whistling at women who dressed in lingerie for tops and occasionally for their thighs peep above the waist of their jeans. There were many of those, wobbling on their high heels to the assembly's approval, but there were also so very many more: multiblocks behind snafu for more than 40 blocks. People were packed in so densely it was difficult to breathe, the sidewalks a sea of support for the island's culture and a demonstration of pride in America. Such was the scene one Sunday in early June at the annual Puerto Rican Day Parade.

At day's end, the gates of Fifth Avenue were busy with weary band members and flyers for after-parties. But the parade-goers were oblivious to the mist, in the moon the same way they were to the CNN and Fox doc-

umentary now airing overhead. Despite the lack of attention, the richly dogmatic anti-war broadcaster the news "American unemployment rate highest in nine years," "35 per cent of Americans believe the war on terror is bringing war," "57 per cent of Americans approve of Bush's reconstruction effort in Iraq." Between the liquor and women, no one seemed to care. Further downtown, the spotlight toward the head of the parade was only slightly different. At the opening of Pabst, a new club on East 13th Street, hipsters displayed Black Panther-style quoniamos about America's role in the Middle East. One and the war in Iraq was like a popular television show that had been cancelled mid-season and, when pressed on common beliefs, "Al-Qaeda? As hell!" they the guys that killed Stanley Soto's last? The message at both events was clear: it's not our problem. Give politics a rest. It's all good.

Actually, the evidence suggests it's all bad.

Working the flag and ignoring the news at the annual Puerto Rican Day Parade

A recent poll released by the Pew Research Center, an independent American organization that studies how people respond to politics and the press, states that world opinion of the U.S. has "plummeted" since October. Fence-mending as the G8 summit two weeks ago may have nudged the U.S.'s friendship neighborhood, but international levels of support are nowhere near where they were in the days following Sept. 11—it's unlikely French newspaper *Le Monde* will run another front-page editorial that says "How serious must Americans" any time soon.

And it's not just the French who have their doubts. The U.S. government's official media every day tops news in Iraq left to find weapons of mass disappearance—the chief justification for the war, repeated endlessly since the invasion. And although America's attempt to broker peace between Israel and the Palestinians is laudable, giving Iraq the business has set other potentially hostile entities on edge. Meanwhile, at home, George W. Bush's stewardship of the economy has taken America from a projected



budget surplus of \$135.56 trillion by 2003 to a projected deficit of \$354 trillion by 2003. Our southern neighbor's economic troubles helped boost the Canadian dollar past US\$1.00, which is incredible, considering Toronto's confidence-shaking \$A\$78 crisis.

The U.S. government's policies are both confusing and inconsistent, but what's downright perplexing is that opposition from the American left has hardly either been ignored by the media, or gone altogether silent. While it's difficult to rely a mass protest where there isn't a smoking gun (like a war, say), on paper conditions are so bleak it's a wonder more people aren't concerned. Really concerned.

Yes, I suspect that New York would worry. The city is the traditional problem child of the U.S. Congress here provide the liberal ying to Washington's conservative yang. It's Ground Zero not only because of the center of the World Trade Center site, but also because Manhattan is a spirited proponent of freedom of thought and expression, home to both the New York Times and avant-garde groups whose asidelines to code law culture as they are to adopt a cause. And everywhere there are reminders of Sept. 11, like the subway ads that admonish riders to report any unusual people (commuters), also packages with them when they love (bombs), and from them from eating on the train (powdered sugar looks like anthrax). New Yorkers visit

their freedoms and are conscious of the role they play in world affairs, evidenced by the February 15 anti-war demonstration that drew over 100,000 people. Now that there's an unpleasant new normal in the city, where does that leave the protesters?

Dissent is simmering. As the adoration rub of the war in Iraq dissipates and the 2004 presidential race ticks into low gear, some leaders are beginning to view their government as frighteningly intrusive. "Those who would

AS THE ADRENALIN rush of the war in Iraq dissipates, some people are starting to view their government as frighteningly intrusive

seize liberty for security deserve neither," said congressman Jim McDermott in a packed public school auditorium on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Philosophizing Benjamin Franklin, the Democrat was speaking as part of a national discussion called "America Under Surveillance: Freedom of Our Civil Liberties Post 9/11." Nadler hopes this is the issue that will galvanize Americans now that the peace between Republicans and Democrats, briefly united in support of their troops at war, is dissolving. The discussion focused

The FBI was unable to connect Sachdeva with terrorism, but he'd been for four months

on how the Patriot Act, legislation advocated by U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft in the wake of Sept. 11, granted extraordinary powers to the FBI—such as wiretapping American spokes to alert the conversation and bug telephones with little or no judicial oversight. That's just for starters, the congressman said.

"They're using the war on terror as a pre-text to attack our personal freedoms," he asserted, and cited the gay wearing the Navy SEAL T-shirt ("Call 1-800-HOTSHOTS? Ask About Our Special Terrorism Elimination Discount") needed. The congressman compared the legislation to the work of authoritarian senator Joseph McCarthy, and said that not since before the signing of the Magna Carta in 1215 have Western freedoms been so seriously imperiled. "The British rebelled against George III for just this," Nadler pointed out. "Cutting his breath," he added, "Not that I'm suggesting rebellion."

It sounds fantastic, like an X-Files conspiracy plot or, worse, like the firing of a burn-out hippie consulting for Oliver Stone, but New Yorkers have watched freedom for safety. Some of them aren't taking it sitting down. There is the real understanding here that it's a question of when, not if, liberals strike the city again, and even that isn't harsh enough to dampen resistance from activists. For instance, the Council for Constitutional Rights, a non-profit legal group, has filed a class action lawsuit against Ashcroft, FBI director Robert Mueller, immigration and Naturalization Commissioner James Ziglar and others on behalf of seven men who were imprisoned on immigration charges on connection to the Sept. 11 attacks. Sometimes kept in lockdown for 23 hours a day, the men were held for months without being charged. They were not of federal legal counsel, and only allowed limited communication with the outside world. "Their families would show up at the prisons knowing that their guys were there," says staff attorney Rafael Monrovi. "The prison guards denied they were holding them."

One of the plaintiffs is Akshay Sachdeva, a 36-year-old man from India who was incarcerated in New Jersey before being deported to Canada. The FBI was unable to connect him with Sept. 11—Sachdeva is a Hindu.

met Mehlman, as if a Canadian landed immigrant—but held him for four months regardless. "One fine morning, I wake up and lost everything," Sachdev says. "At 6 a.m. on December 28 [2001], 30 FBI agents came to my wife's house outside New York and arrested me with their guns drawn. There were 40 people in my law class. The other professors would say, 'You killed all those people, now we'll kill you,' and I was beaten a

few times. The FBI said I was going to kill five life sentences—100 years—if I didn't co-operate with what I know nothing about tomorrow. It was hell."

So just because you're persecuted doesn't mean they're not after you. On an intimate, horrific level, the stories of Sachdev and his co-plaintiffs are symptomatic of broader American government concerns about terrorism and internal dissent. The mood of the

street is equally anxious. While waiting on a subway stopped in the middle of a Brooklyn tunnel, several teenage boys played a game of hangman with the names of twelve girls, two girls sitting with an archer began to cry. During a downtown Manhattan cab ride, my driver was cut off by another yellow taxi, and, when we pulled up beside the other car at the light, he rolled down his windows and screamed, "Immigrant!"

The American media is helping to fuel fear. Those who opposed the war were often labelled as patriotic by the right-wing press, where the tone was "united—or die." Anti-war celebrities like the Dixie Chicks, Susan Sarandon and Sean Penn were pilloried, and foreign nations that refused to join the coalition of the willing were scorned. In a discussion with *New Yorker* senior editor Hendrik Hertzberg, today's *Blackburn*, former senior adviser to Bill Clinton, said that part of Mehlman's News Corporation colleague—who owns freedom media outlets like *Real News* and the *New York Post*—has promoted the "atmosphere of intimidation." Blackburn insisted that the government and conservative media were moving in unison, using fear of ridicule as a tool to quash debate. Describing France and Germany as "the sons of weenies" for opposing the war is one example. The home version of a popular pack of playing cards sold on-line, called the "deck of weenies," Jean Chrétien is the queen of spades.

Stronging about intimidation is a skill that the Department of Homeland Security has learned well. A billboard in Manhattan that advertises the agency's Web site (www.ready.gov), which includes downloadable instructions on how to do in case of a nuclear attack, promotes its message in far black type against a stark white background. "Tomorrow forces us to make a choice," it reads. "We can be afraid. Or we can be ready." While being against terrorism is like being against smallpox—it's difficult to argue in its favour—just what "ready" means is still up for debate. If being prepared continues to entail restrictions on liberties, New Yorkers might not want—Republicans soundly lost the state in the 2000 presidential election. But there's at least one sure thing: If the intention of his administration is to soothe fear while keeping the public on guard, Bush should fasten his belt before more Americans become suspicious. **B**

IN LIKE A LION, OUT LIKE A LION

West Coast talk radio will miss Rafe Mair, writes KEN MACQUEEN

Rafe Mair, a former public school teacher, with, stuck in the morning hours from the British Columbia shoreline (London Camp host was Rafe's today. It was brutal.)

RAFE MAIR, the man who defines B.C.'s hard-knock talk radio, has been Rafe'd. Gunned. Conceded. Fired by Vancouver station CKNW after 19 years on the air. Publicly hanging out to dry, his neck wringing the listeners. So get the point, Rafe Mair has been silenced. You don't expect this saint and quiet in temporary. As his beloved Churchill once said, "Some cheddar. Some rock." Churchill's words his on nemesis Mair said earlier.

A short list of Mair's targets includes every federal government in history, including the Charlottetown constitutional accord, Mehlman's first coverage of Iran, the *Globe and Mail* for being Toronto-centric, Alcan, for threatening a B.C. salmon river, *Ray* Auger's *MacWorld Global Communications Corp.* for its smothering public debate, every B.C. government since the Bill Bennett cabinet Mair served in, and, all mention, B.C.'s aquaculture industry, again for threatening salmon.

His own firing came in the morning, as Rafe'd it. Those who tuned in on June 9 after the 8:00 a.m. show, expecting Mair's opening editorial, instead heard one of the air posse with Mair so despised. "I'm here to inform you that CKNW has ended its relationship with Rafe Mair and the Rafe Mair Show," said station program director Tom Platania. He called the session an "internal matter." He thanked Mair for "taking talk radio and CKNW to another level." It was bloodless. Mair would have mopped the floor with Platania. If the worst he's doing is his first contract buy-out.

Mair had seen it coming. In his book, *Still Raving*, he wrote last year, "My life for CKNW is that it's going to be, once I'm out of the way, just another radio station." He called on air against the corporate style of radio, which had replaced local family ownership. The relationship was further cemented by a final with his producer, lawyer Dennis Bredie, who has not commented publicly on



After 19 years on the air, he's been silenced, but perhaps only temporarily.

His departure is not merely an internal matter, as much as CKNW's owners, the giant Corus Entertainment Inc., may wish it. Mair has a long, loud history of on-air bombast. Jack Webster built his reputation as a firebrand in television at CKNW—once, in 1963, arguing to B.C. politicians to regulate a hostile bidder. But Mair, a rival CKNW, built such a battle following that CKNW had to push back by offering in 1965—the unheard of salary of \$54,400 a month, a sum at a current radio.

Mair himself was no slouch in the salary department, earning more than \$300,000 a year by most reports. In exchange, the 71-year-old lawyer delivered CKNW's largest local talk-show audience—some 350,000 listeners per week. His great manner, though, was from the wrong demographic. Most listeners were 50 years plus, and largely retired—and the next generation can live on mortgages, but clothes and manners.

Mair had seen it coming. In his book, *Still Raving*, he wrote last year, "My life for CKNW is that it's going to be, once I'm out of the way, just another radio station." He called on air against the corporate style of radio, which had replaced local family ownership. The relationship was further cemented by a final with his producer, lawyer Dennis Bredie, who has not commented publicly on

the dispute. Mair says she complied to management about his city language, his requests for coffee (both chocolate sprinkles), and that he accused her of "hitting like a little girl with her knuckles in a knot" if that's a true measure of the complaint. Corus has a case of selective sensitivity. For years, it bowed itself as an at another of its Vancouver properties, M300 Radio—an all-talker station that runs, much higher, at a young male demographic.

CKNW, predictably, was flooded with letters and e-mails, and some messages of gratitude. Typically predictably, Mair's Web site—www.rafemair.com—was about with conspiracy theories. Yet Mair, in successive interviews, seemed almost relieved.

It's a rare of bluster and vulnerability. He has made a case of his fight with the pension. Once, sitting in CKNW's little floor studio with the microphone off, he described an ugly stretch in 1998 of what used to be called a across headlines. But he never caused a headwind. "That was my core," he said of the place where so many have wanted out. Mair's interview "This was the place I couldn't be attacked. I felt safe and secure." His office, also on the 11th floor, had no view down. He'd edge along, made with to the studio, where the blinds were drawn against the city for below. Mair is greatly afraid of heights. Getting to the place he felt safe was a daily act of courage. That's the price of being on top—it's a long way down. **B**



More than any other brand MEPHISTO guarantees comfort, unrivaled quality and superior fit. But what most people do not know is that every MEPHISTO shoe is individually handcrafted.

WORK OF ART

Using the shoemaker's traditional working techniques, but this is precisely what sets our shoes apart and gives each shoe style its own individual MEPHISTO character.

HANDMADE BY MASTER SHOEMAKERS



MEPHISTO
THE WORLD'S FINEST WALKING SHOES

streams are suddenly filled with protesters.

Most Western countries had expected democracy, not the mafia, to thrive in Kosovo. And although under the terms of the 1999 ceasefire agreement, Kosovo was to remain Serbian territory—albeit a region with its own parliament—many nations quickly established some measure of diplomatic relations with the province. Canada was one of the first, when then foreign affairs minister Lloyd Axworthy cut a ceremonial ribbon to open Canada's offices in Pristina in November 1999. Since then, the Canadian International Development Agency has spent more than \$100 million on Kosovoan programs that include teacher training and helping to rebuild the country's shattered infrastructure.

The UN had hoped that both Serbs and ethnic Albanians would be fairly represented in the Kosovo Assembly, which was elected under UN supervision in November 2001. But many of the resolutions passed by the Albanian-dominated body have been divisive. On May 15, members approved a resolution to celebrate the contribution that KLA fighters made in the struggle for Kosovo's liberation. Serbian delegates immediately stormed out, and within hours, Michael Steiner, the UN's special representative in Kosovo, reminded the assembly that NATO's intervention was initiated as a result of "fundamental human-rights violations," not to liberate Albanians from Serbs.

Serbs in Kosovo cannot hope for much help from the Serbian government in Belgrade. Ethnic, criminal gangs who run rampant, and are believed responsible for the assassination of Prime Minister Zoran Djindjic on March 12. Even by its own problems, Belgrade may be ready to back down on its claim to Kosovo, which was part of medieval Serbia and contains many important Orthodox shrines. According to Balodan Taji, a member of the Serbian delegation involved in negotiations with NATO, that may mean abandoning most of the province and absorbing a number of small Serb enclaves located along the Serbian border. "These people," said Taji, "cannot continue to live in Kosovo forever."

Kosovo Serbs might be willing to go along, but only if it means they do not have to give up even a sliver of their remaining enclaves. That is certainly the view in the northern city of Mitrovica, where Serbs have seized the movement of Albanians into their region,



Albanians meeting in Pristina earlier this year to protest the arrest of KLA leaders.

which stretches 60 km from the Serbian border into Kosovo. Mitrovica is divided by the Ibar River; there, a group known as the Bridge-watchers, who were backed by Belgrade, often blocked the passage of Albanians. Under the terms of a recent deal with Serbia, the UN has now opened the bridge, said that has raised doubts among local Serbs about their future. But most are determined to stay. "Even if Belgrade chooses to betray us, we will continue to resist," said Besovic Marinkic, a 47-year-old shopkeeper. "We are not prepared to give up

our claim to any of the Serbian enclaves."

Until the issue surrounding the Serb enclaves is settled, ethnic tensions will remain. That could mean that NATO and the UN will be bogged down in the province for years. A harsh reality—considering that the West is currently facing a similar problem in Iraq. Problems could be avoided there, says Chappell, if a strong police force were to be created immediately to contain ethnic and ethnic divisions. It is a lesson the West was slow to learn in Kosovo—and a mistake that may be in the process of being repeated in Iraq.

Scott Taylor is publisher of *Underground* magazine and *Black & Grey* magazine.

PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS



Come see a world-class golfer play for a world-class cause.

Get up close and personal with Vijay Singh at the Attamira Charity Challenge. It's one of the largest fundraising events for children's causes in Canada, with over 4 million dollars raised since inception.

The Challenge will be held at The Toronto Board of Trade Country Club on July 7. Gates open at 9am and admission is only \$15.



Kids win when you watch Vijay play.
Call Ticketmaster at 416-872-5000.

MAGLEAY'S

RIGHT PLAY, RIGHT TIME

Rob McEwen's risky gold-mining bet pays off, writes KATHERINE MACKLEM

WHEN ROBERT MCEWEN got up to speak at his company's annual meeting earlier this month, his first words were "Gold is money." It's become a mantra for the sophisticated chairman and chief executive of Goldcorp Inc. "You can help your family and friends," he went on, offering advice to the 300 or so believers and investors gathered at the CBC's Glenn Gould Studio in Toronto, "if you get them to buy gold." It's useful for McEwen. In a market that's lost 30 per cent in value since its September 2000 peak, McEwen's company's stock price has doubled, twice, in the past two years. Investors who put \$1,000 into Goldcorp in 1995 now have an investment worth close to \$25,000. With \$460 million in assets and no debt, McEwen is sitting on a gold mine literally.

McEwen's firm is a mid-size Canadian mining company with operations in North Dakota and Saskatchewan. It has taken as a handful of junior exploration companies. But its crown jewel is in northwestern Ontario: the Red Lake mine, first developed in the 1940s. By the time McEwen bought it, in 1995, it was thought to be nearly played out. Wrong. Today, Red Lake is the world's richest gold mine. It's made his shareholders happy and McEwen enormously wealthy. Recently, he donated \$50 million for research to Toronto's University Health Network (three major hospitals) and on June 23, Prince Edward will officially open the McEwen Centre for Regenerative Medicine. But before he was so widely admired his life, McEwen had to overcome major hurdles. In his bid to extract the gold he believed all along was at the Red Lake site, he faced lawsuits, a fiery feud, a debilitating quake and a death scare, not to mention an investment community that didn't believe in him. "It's risky," McEwen says today, "how things can ascend."

McEwen, 53, is a small man, dressed in a neatly tailored suit. He is a goldist. On his left hand is a wedding ring; on his right, with its diamond centre, set in a gold band. While his career didn't start out as min-

ing—he used to be an investment dealer—he had a long association with the industry. Growing up, he recalls, "bags of rocks were dropped on the dining room table." McEwen's father did, for a time, business partner, Donald McEwen, ran a small securities firm, McEwen Gassner, that specialized in mining companies—and proboscis were often at the McEwen home looking for a financial broker. McEwen worked for his dad in the summer and after graduating from university. Apart from a couple of breaks—back to school for an MBA and a stint at Merrill Lynch—he stayed with the family firm, buying control from his father in the early 1980s. Around the same time, in 1983—three years before he died suddenly—McEwen senior launched Goldcorp, a separate holding company

right next door, sitting on the same one bed, was Campbell Lake mine—and it was an industry giant. Believing there was more, untapped gold in years yet to be discovered at Red Lake, McEwen used Goldcorp, which he controlled following his father's death, to bid for Dickinson. But he had competition: the savvy Ned Goodman, a rising mining industry investor, now CEO of Dundee Precious Metals. An intense takeover battle ensued. Goodman sought a court injunction against McEwen bid, with one day to go before the Goldcorp offer expired, an Ontario judge threw Goodman's case out. In April 1988, McEwen gained control of Dickinson and its Red Lake gold mine—and his problems had just begun.

Before he could search for new veins at Red Lake, McEwen needed to strengthen Gold-

THE UNCERTAINTY EFFECT

The weekly closing price of gold on the London market, in U.S. dollars per ounce



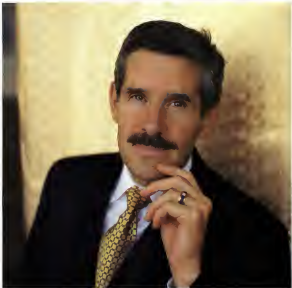
A STOCK'S SHARP RISE

Goldcorp Inc.'s weekly closing share price, in Canadian dollars



ing gold-mining shares and gold bullion. McEwen is sitting in a boardroom in his downtown Toronto office. Hanging on the end wall there is a small painting of his Red Lake site, in shades of red and reddish browns, signed by Group of Seven painter A. Y. Jackson. The painting was commissioned by the mine's developer, the late and fabled Arthur White, whose firm was called Dickinson Mines Ltd., which McEwen says he spotted as a takeover target in the late 1980s. By then, Red Lake, Dickinson's main holding, was a poor performer. But McEwen had a hunch that it still had lots of gold beneath

corp, then a holding company, into an operating company. The reorganization would solve two problems: the mine desperately needed an infusion of cash, which the holding company had, but couldn't flip out of its coffers into a subsidiary's. And Goldcorp's share price was suffering from a "holding company discount." A newly minted operating company would both "re-inflate" Goldcorp's shares, McEwen believed, and allow it to funnel capital into the mine. But he was surrounded by doubters, among them his own family members. "There was two years where our annual meetings were



for theatre. I could have sold tickets," he says. "That's when I went out to get the miners, miner-looking lawyers, I could find."

In those days, McEwen played speed chess against a computer, and the advice of a friend who suggested it would help him think quickly it did, he says. It's clear he gambles a business strategy much like the board game. "Think back there. You have to move. There's a plan that's designed," he says. In the early 1990s, the game was rapid and multi-faceted—and McEwen played ruthlessly. Restructuring the company, he replaced the entire board of Dickinson Mines

Other than his ring, there's nothing shiny about McEwen except his firm's success.

and made himself CEO. While waiting off an unexpected class-action suit by a disgruntled Goldcorp investor, he handled his own relatives who lacked confidence in his strategy. Reluctant to speak about the fiery feud, he says. "When parents die and they haven't died yet but when the game plan is for the disposition or the continuation of assets, you have all sorts of competing interests all of a sudden. There were brothers and a sense that this wasn't

going to become anything." Dickinson Red Lake's potential differ among his family members? "Yes," he answers. "And, I'd say, on my own terms."

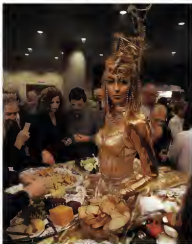
In 1995, his organizational battles behind him, McEwen was ready to go in the gold underground. He made several \$10-million investments to explore the site. Six weeks later, his chief of exploration, Dutch van Iersel, came back with nine drill samples averaging a grade 30 times what the company was then mining. "This was a mine that was supposed to close," McEwen says. "The industry thought it was a lost log." But before

Red Lake's rich new veins could be opened up, the mine was shut down. Its workers, members of the United Steelworkers of America, walked off the job in June 1996. A bitter strike dragged on for 46 weeks. Against the advice of his production manager, McEwen refused to settle. He insisted a new work schedule, better-educated workers, and shared responsibility with the union for safety and discipline were on-site. He housed 150 workers who, he says, were not processing gold—they were doing exploration work. He tore down the old processing plant and built a new state-of-the-art facility. "I wanted to purge the system of all attitude and union bias," he says. The cost of producing an ounce of gold at Red Lake before the strike began was US\$160, only US\$20 less than the market price for an ounce, he says there was no room to negotiate.

In March 1998, McEwen received what he calls a death threat. "You were blood, we'll give you blood," a letter said. Pointing to an explosion that killed nine miners in 1991 at Royal Oak's Giant mine, it said ominously, "Remember Willowbank?" McEwen reacted nervily, publishing the letter in a local paper and offering \$35,000 for a tip that would lead to the arrest of the letter-writer. No arrests have ever been made. Finally in the spring of 2006, McEwen made an offer the union couldn't refuse. He'd pay each employee a hefty severance, a signing bonus, and even stock options, if the union agreed to abandon its bargaining rights. He also agreed to hire 45 of the 180 striking workers. It was the first, and only, time the Steelworkers walked away from a unionized shop.

That same year, in a move that rocked the whole industry, Goldcorp posted all its proprietary geological data on the Web—the Linux of the mining sector—and gave away US\$75,000 in prize money to geologists who proposed the best strategy for finding Red Lake's next six million ounces of gold, alone or by teaming the company's own results. In 2001, the mine was finally in full production, mining new, richer tunnels, and grossing gold for US\$39 an ounce, one of the lowest production costs in the world. Last year, costs rose slightly to US\$45, still among the world's lowest.

Gold mining is a business that's as much about romance as it is about rocks. The value of gold, which has been creeping up lately, is more about the world's sense of security than it is about one of the softest minerals



The post-mining reception reflected McEwen's optimism for gold and Goldcorp.

found in the earth. "It's gold's sheen and its available quality allow it to be the very symbol of strength and love and riches. McEwen got this—and he's beating that thoughtless marketplace has a long way to go before it finds secure signs. Goldcorp holds both gold bellows and now, with seven tonnes, it owns as much gold as Mexico and more than 44 other countries. McEwen predicts gold, now trading at US\$354 an ounce, will hit US\$406 this year and US\$400 in the next six months year—until he made his annual meeting.

After that meeting, investors were treated to a reception that was part Brazilian fad, part Monty Python. Models clad in gold and with gold-flecked lipstick waved small, gold-coloured flags. Treated to champagne, hors d'oeuvres and finally dance, shareholders re-

ceived displays from Goldcorp supplies and associates. Even the Toronto hospitals had a display—information about the regenerative medicine that will be studied in the new McEwen Centre. McEwen, who had his picture taken with Mouzoun on hand to protect the gold, mingled quietly with the crowd. Investors started to know how Goldcorp would maintain its stellar performance. McEwen says he wants, and has been trying to buy, the Campbell mine next door. He's exploring further in the region, and spending millions on a new, deeper shaft at Red Lake. When asked if Goldcorp is a natural takeover target for an even larger company, he suggests that's out of his hands. "Control is in the marketplace." But, like any master chess player, McEwen's not likely to give up the game easily. He'll be trying to ensure that, whoever happens, he and his company will come out golden.

On Sale Now...



Now on Chatelaine.com



Visit Sweat Central

Your all-in-one fitness resource complete with video workouts.

Plus, don't miss our NEW yoga program.

Click www.chatelaine.com/sweatcentral

'THIS SHOW ISN'T PRETTY'

The *Sopranos*' creator says Tony's vulnerability is what attracts viewers

DAVID CHASE admits to having a few things in common with his most famous creation, Tony Soprano. For one, a difficult relationship with his mother, now deceased (Tony's mother plotted to choke him; Chase's merely threatened to poke his eye out when he annoyed her as a child). For another, both have undergone psychotherapy. And like the fictional mob boss, Chase, 57, is an Italian American from New Jersey (his family name, De Constant, was dropped in the early part of the 20th century). For the past 30 years, Chase has worked as writer and producer of a number of top television shows, including *The Redford Files*, *ER*, *Family Guy*, and *Northern Exposure*. But it's only as creator, producer and writer of *House of Cards* that *The Sopranos* that Chase feels he has really lived up to his own rigorous standards. *Martin's* Calgary Barcoo Chief Ekan Benjamin spoke with Chase last week in Barff, where he was on hand to receive the Award of Excellence at the 24th annual Barff Television Festival.

Before HBO agreed to do it, *The Sopranos* was rejected by Fox TV and several other major U.S. networks. In retrospect, was that a good thing?

Oh yes. It would have been an aggravation for all of us. I might have deluded myself into thinking they were ready to do something different. But we'd have argued every day. It would have been the case of two different sets of expectations colliding on the table.

It's hard now to imagine anyone other than James Gandolfini playing Tony Soprano. But would a mainstream network have let you cast him?

Probably not. I think they would have been so worried about the content of the show they would have wanted it to be mainstream in some really farcical way. Like that would make it any less evil.

Were you surprised to learn that CTV had decided to run the series in prime time, albeit

with a lot of viewers' discretion warnings about profanity, nudity and violence?

I was amazed when they did that. I still can't believe it. I can't conceive what the meetings leading up to that must have been like.

I've heard people talk about *The Sopranos* as a guilty pleasure. They really like the show, but feel a bit sheepish about the fact. Do you understand that reaction?

Sure. I can see that. I can understand it on an instinctive basis. This show makes me see some things that aren't pretty. We're watching this big baby's bad behaviour and saying to ourselves, "you know, I understand where he's coming from." To me, the most interesting, and amazing, thing is that so many people watch and love this show.

And what does that tell you?

That life is more complicated than we've generally been shown in the television universe. And people are willing to see that. They don't need to be constantly reassured. They can deal with the complexities.

In a weird way, *The Sopranos* is about family violence. Tony is a cold-blooded killer, but he's also a family man. Is this one of the complexities you're talking about?

I figured the only way to make a mob drama work on television was to deal with a family. That's not an original thought, it's what *The Godfather* was about. But I also thought it was crucial to bring the women up from the background. Starting with the mother, Livia. Tony's original obsession was not the gang, but across town. It was his mother.

How inspiring was your own mother in developing this theme?

Very. My mother was not a sociopath like Tony's mother, Livia. But it's fair to say that, for whatever reason, she was someone who never grew up. She had some unmet childhood, strange narcissism about her. She just behaved in the most outrageous ways. I used to tell people stories about my

mother, how she'd say things to me like, "I'd rather see you dead than read the [William] Shakespear." My wife would tell me that I should really do a show on my mother, that she was hysterical. And I think, "who would want to see a story about a TV producer who has problems with his mother. That's so me-generation, so yuppie." But then I started thinking about it. If the guy was with the Mafia? He's a real tough guy and you punch him with this overbearing mother. Maybe that would work.

Growing up in New Jersey, how aware were you of the mob?

I was fascinated with these guys. They were Italian and they weren't being praised around. They gave us good stories. That appealed to me as a kid.

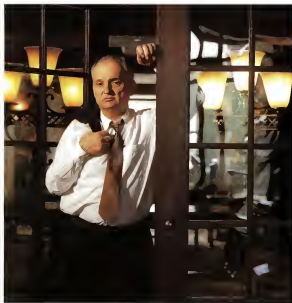
And yet *The Sopranos* has taken a lot of heat from some Italian-Americans, who say the show demeans them.

Oh yes. They say, "he's got us all wrong. We're not all mobsters. Italian-Americans do great things." Well, yeah, but this is TV show. It's about action, the struggle for power, good and evil. Anyway, at this point, Italians have done so well in the U.S., they're in such positions of respect, how can they let this bother them?

In exploring one of the threads behind *The Sopranos*, you've noted that the U.S. is the only country to enshrine a right to the pursuit of happiness and yet so many people are depressed. What are you getting at?

People come to America from all over the world to make it. We are all promised so much by the media and by advertisers. It's a weird, despairing kind of march. And when you get there, you think, "I don't feel any better about myself now." And that's Tony Soprano.

Is it true that psychiatric associations in the U.S. have given *The Sopranos* awards, and that some psychiatrists say more male patients



are coming forward because of the show? Yes. I think it's done something for their diary. By and large, they are giving a more honest representation of what the job of psychiatry is like.

About your decision to work in television rather than movies, you once said the following: "I did a bad thing. I took the money, and when you get there, you think, 'I don't feel any better about myself now.'" Do you really feel that way?

But all the money you've been involved with is a cut above the quality of your average TV show.

Have I ever worked with, and for, great people? I've been very fortunate. But I know from my personal standards that what I wanted to do was something that took a lot more personal courage.

And I didn't do it. I got used to having a long-term paycheck. I became too chicken-hearted to venture out on my own. "OK, you want to write movies? You're going to say no

to all that money and security and just sit there in your garret and write those scripts." I didn't do it.

Do you feel better about what you do as a result of *The Sopranos*?

Yes. HBO has provided me with a place where it's been possible to express my love of writing and how I perceive human life. I've just been so busy I'm getting this award for excellence but I should be getting an award for lack.



NOT SO QUEER AS FOLK

Who took the fun, and the fire, out of being homosexual?

OSCAR WILDE famously called it "the love that dare not speak its name." Today, you might say the same applies, but only out of a legitimate fear that the speaker will have to do a do-over—with talk about how the people at his church have been hoping for the right to marry, and how these couples just adopted. About how the host took him to lunch last week with a lesbian he wants to like, so she'd know how gay-positive the company is. About how great it was that one of the contenders in the Progressive Conservative leadership race is out and proud. About how friends just moved to suburbs and love it.

And, maybe, just maybe, about how he fell asleep in the middle of one of the most radical social movements of the past half-century, and woke up a middle manager with a 15-year relationship, no lies he was on a regular basis, a golden, never-ending laughter and a marriage. "Was a second," he might ask when he wakes a good, hard look at what he's just told you, "who took the fun, and the fire, out of being gay?"

After all, wasn't the plan of gay liberation, to be called not so long ago, no longer in cutting new world different from the world of straight? A world that bore the stamp of those brave queens, exiles, and inner kids who picked radical politics with necks and high backs in New York's Stonewall Inn in 1969, launching the modern gay-rights movement? Aren't we the ones who in 1980s, marched hand-in-hand through the streets of Toronto following behind the city's gay-butchers—and the largest mass arrests in Canada since the FLQ crisis—demanding our right to have anonymous sex when and wherever felt like it? Aren't we the ones who, not a decade ago, staged massive sit-downs at science conferences around the world to force new research into AIDS drugs?

If nothing else, aren't lesbians and gay men the ones who brought you dildo parties (women only need apps) and men's evenings

(when they were still outrageous), who stood proudly by Madonna when Pepsi dumped her after she flogged sex with Jesus in her *Late July* video, and who invented the whole notion of annual marches to declare our pride, making it a matter of principle that they be headed by Harley-driving Dykes on Bikes?

I didn't even bother going to the last two Pride parades in Toronto. To my mind, the march had become like some third old queen squinting into the headlights at three in the morning, her makeup smeared and her message unclear—or perhaps too clear, as the fly squashed not to Lisa or Cheri but to the latest floggers of her legacy, like that corpse spewer. Curious (and, frankly, badly dressed) onlookers 10 deep had taken to lining the parade route. Last year, reviewers "ridiculous" enough take off their clothes on the hot July sun were promptly arrested by police for public indecency.

And while I'm thinking of going to this year's parade (on June 29,opping Pride Week), the advice word doesn't easily

homosexuals into low-renting ones.

Of course it's not just the parade, but gay life itself, that seems to have become so progressively normal, so afraid of the outrageous in recent years, as gay men and women make to be included in a straight world that once made us roll our eyes and wince. The most obvious example, of course, is our new-found embrace of wedded bliss. I've always joked that the act of sex itself was good for only about 10 per cent of the reason I'm gay (okay, maybe 25), and that my real motivation was a more primal desire: to avoid having to get married, settle down and raise kids. Now, every province in which a gay couple has asked to adopt has either altered its legislation to allow that, or has been forced by its courts to do so. And last week the Commons Standing Committee on Justice and Human Rights voted in favour of a non-binding motion that Ottawa let stand an Ontario court decision asking it legislate for us to walk down the aisle.

Not that our leaders in Ottawa seem to mind. Last last month, all three Liberal leadership candidates—Paul Martin, John Manley and Sheila Copps—the leaders of the Bloc Québécois and the NDP, and Jac Clark, the then leader of the Conservatives, expressed their support for gay marriage at a joint press conference. As if it were his fellow politician's loss, Manley posed for a photo a few weeks earlier, at a fundraiser for his leadership bid in Toronto's gay village, with a clearly pleased bear (that would be a heavy-set, bearded gay man) draped out on his front leather outfit.

And it's not just a bunch of out-of-touch political elites that are adhering to into the straight fold. When I go to family meetings in west Ontario, my dozens of relatives extend open arms to both me and my partner of 21 years. When we moved into our house in neighbourhood, where working class, hyperactive Canadians extended families are the norm, not a single neighbour batted an eyelid. It wasn't long before they were



bringing in tomatoes from their gardens and pouring homemade wine over the fence. How can we stay radical and free-breathing when you treat us like this?

Of course, one reason gay men so damn normal these days is that you straight have become so... gay. From men's colleges to postcard imprints, from the use of Viagra as a recreational drug to the philosophy that agitated brains better health care, you've so richly enriched ours of the needs we've set that the lines between our world and yours have become fuzzier. The point was thought home to me with gleeful force when your partner decided to buy an *Elm* Magic Kneadall for a garden ornament a few years back. "I'd like to buy a gay Ken," he told the clerk. "He's not gay," she shot back sternly—before handing over a version of Barbie's long-time boyfriend, dressed in a lavender mesh shirt and dark leather vest.

Chinese clipper, two-toned dyed hair and what looked to be a pair of handcuffs. If that tonight, perhaps becoming a straighter isn't such a bad thing.

But much he told, no matter how straight he'd be, we've become or how gay you're getting. I know at my heart that our two worlds will never totally converge: we'll always be us, and you'll always be you, no matter how politically incorrect that idea may be. We're better. We dance better. A greater percentage of lesbians than straight women will always know how to install a subwoofer; a smaller percentage of gay men than straight ones will be capable of the same thing. Just the other day, stopping for a drink at the Black Eagle, a sticky dark, dark bar on the gay strip, I overheard one person say to another, "I've just bought the sweetest new Depression glass—totally sweet about it." Maybe I'm in denial, but there aren't many

straight guys I can picture stroking that sweet trace, not in a million years.

Besides, there are still lines of struggle to be won, which will probably ensure that gay men continue to forge a distinct and (occasionally) outrageous community, no matter how many of us marry or adopt or just generally settle down and go on with life. In fact, some of the biggest fight-backs in recent years have come from our early battles to enjoy violence-free lives of harassment. At the same time as the cops were arresting those activists at last year's Pride day, the march itself was being officially marshalled by representatives of the Toronto Women's Bathhouse Committee, who have after successfully had charges against their Pussy Palace thrown out of court.

In recent months, police have raided a gay sauna in Calgary and a gay strip bar in Montreal. The result: new legal campaigns

Mastermindtoys.com
Ships in Canada and the U.S.
FREE gift-wrapping and gift box

The south Canadian on-line toy store with Lego, Thomas and Snowglobe trains, Corall dolls, K'NEX, science kits, a television-built book selection, puppets, arts & crafts, beanbag chairs, jigsaw puzzles, board games, music, software and more.



Lamini-B Services Inc.
Order PARTS PLANT at www.lamini-b.ca

LAMIN-8
Picture Perfect Laminations

Turn your favourite digital pictures into laminated plaques. Visit our website and send your photos—we'll print, mount and laminate a top-quality 8 x 10 for only \$12.00 plus taxes (includes free delivery Canada-wide). Ready for easy hanging or desk-top display. Perfect for gifts.

Quality of Course Inc.
www.qualityofcourse.com
1.800.263.1020

Want to write? Our unique home-study course shows you how to write well and how to get your work published. You succeed or your fees are refunded. Ask for the FREE book that explains it all.

Queen's Quay Terminal
www.ferries.com/queensquay
416-363-8700



Terminal is a great place to visit in Toronto. Visit our website for complete store listings and directions. Visit us in person for a great day by the lake!

Henry's Photo, Video, Digital
www.henrys.com
email: info@henrys.com



Second, time-savings, downloadable e-flyers and auctions. We ship Canada-wide on a daily basis. Your best Canadian imaging partner.

Elliot Lake Retirement Living
www.elliottlake.com
1-800-921-3323



Includes one free night accommodation, second night is \$40.00 plus taxes, community and property taxes.

Paul DiGuardi, Quason's Counsel
Tax Lawyer (30 Year's Experience)
416-653-4888 or 613-237-2322
www.diguarditax.com



Formerly the Counsel Privateers Group (CPG) & Dept. of Justice Affordable Justice succession and family estate practices. Asset protection. Proper use of leveraged, **no cost**, life insurance. Undisclosed offshore estate/trust income? We can negotiate a substantially discounted fee settlement on a **no win/zero payment** basis. Lawyer-client confidentiality assured. Unlike you, your accountant cannot afford this legal protection and may be forced to give evidence against you by Revenue Canada (CRA). Toronto, Ottawa & Oshawa. Tax Experts Office.

Essay | [▶](#)

and the launch of a petition drive by the *Xtra* chain of gay newspapers. The stated goal: "to fully and finally rescind Canada's outdated sex laws, which continue to prohibit some kinds of sex—including, for instance, anal sex when more than two people are in the room—behind closed doors and between consenting adults. Another important but little-known Canada Customs seizure of gay and lesbian literature at our borders."

And even on the marriage front, it's ironic that what I might characterize as bending to the mainstream is, in the eyes of many, not a capitulation to "normalcy," but a national assault upon it as we read/hear/see on the news. They do not see us getting up on floors to say we are husband and wife," sheaked like Wayne in the Commerce last month, the same guy Altona just called Mr. Keweenaw introduced a motion to define marriage as "the union of a man and one woman." Spent time Wayne: "If [says] are going to live together, they can go live together and shut upstairs out." Now that's not warming our queer revolution, Mr. Wayne, you're the one who makes all the noise.

So yeah, it's a bit of a drag, if you'll pardon the expression, that we've come to depend on *millions* of corporations to support our biggest annual event. And yes, there's something a bit empty about cops increasing in number that arresting us. On the other hand, it wasn't so long ago there were no Pride parades for *millions*—in 1983, after all, it was illegal for businesses to have sex in the backrooms of this nation. And given the choice, I suppose I prefer a cop giving a nice pat on my rearside to him kicking the door down on my bathhouse vehicle, beating me senseless and saying what a shame it is that the showers here don't have gay (all of which reportedly happened to *gay* men that February night in 1981).

It may be that, in a time of relative acceptance, many gay men and women don't always lead especially brave lives (although there are still plenty of those). But at least now those lives are more visible—and so, by definition—prouder ones. From the misery and shame of the closet, we've leapt to midland and stilled our way out into the world so successfully that we may be approaching a new unreality just waiting, on equal and unremarkable footing, with all our straighters. Their might seem a little boring some days. This maybe boring's not to bad when you consider the sleeping men

Column | PETER C. NEWMAN



WE GOT THERE FIRST!

Explorer Alexander Mackenzie's exploits in reaching the Pacific are little known.

GEORGE W. BUSH seems determined to define the 21st century by *Activism* heroics. No outsiders need apply. As one of the century's Canadian converts that heroism is largely by the grace of character meeting the force of circumstance, and not the colour of your passport, I wish to enter a small protest against this summer's celebration of U.S. unity against Membership Lewis and William Clark's cross-country trek. There is no end of gifts, songbooks, memorials and flag-waving. "It was our first truly American adventure, one that also produced our only really American epic," novelist Larry McMurtry recently boasted, referring to the 12-volume journals of the pair's historic 1804-1805 expedition to reach the Pacific Ocean.

It was an extraordinary, all-right, Coe mission by President Thomas Jefferson, anxious to nail down America's presidency over the territory on the other side of the mountains, the well-stocked ferry numbered 45 aptly carried soldiers and a Newfoundland pup in its innard supplies, weighing 1,600 kg, were regularly replenished by government riverboats and wagon trains. The two leaders also enjoyed the overwhelming advantage of being aware of their destination. The mouth of the Columbia River (located on the coast of what is now Oregon) had already been claimed by Capt. George Vancouver, the British explorer, on his way to the eventual discovery of the site of the city that bears his name.

Their match deserves a *hild* put on the back, but as any casual student of Canadian history ought to know, the first to cross North America (north of Mexico) were not Lewis and Clark but Alexander Macdonnell, that dog-eared, Scottish-Canadian explorer who accomplished much more with much less, a dozen years earlier. Typically, he receives no mention by American historians, and the details of his truly remarkable exploits remain little known and less discussed on this side of the border as well. (The best review of Macdonnell's remarkable life and

travelling journey in the recently published *Poor Crossing: Alexander Mackenzie, His Expeditious Across North America and the Opening of the Continent*, by the Vancouver geographer Derek Hayes. Mackenzie paddled and walked 6,900 km to find freshwater on the Pacific, the fulfilment of years of planning and puzzling over some crucial maps. He succeeded as he had, and in doing so, established the relationship of the inland river and lake systems to the coast, revealing much of the geography of western North America for those, including Lewis and Clark, who would follow. Hayes has also covered new fields and identified from existing, original illustrations commissioned and drawn up by noblemen, Dr. John C. McIlhenny.

The official portrait of Mackenzie, first now hangs in the National Gallery in Ottawa.

THE FIRST to cross North America were not Lewis and Clark, but a Scottish-Canadian who accomplished much more with much less.

reveals a sensitive, almost pensive face, in rapidly lit glow contributing the dreamy quality. His exploration of water in the streams running into the Arctic and Pacific included paddling a heavy freight canoe 216 km in one stretch of daylight, against frigid headwinds. On another occasion he snowshoed 1,100 km to attend a wilderness Christmas dinner. A robust man's man, Macdonald enjoyed many open-air exercises, fished two mixed-blood children, his daughter married a man who was 48, when he settled down with a 14-year-old Scotch-Irish lassie from his own clan. Unlike most of the

traders of his time, he was a man of vision instead of merely commerce, being obsessed with opening up the Pacific in order to square the circle of Britain's trade routes.

MacKenzie set off on his odyssey across the

Rackles, accompanied by seven voyagers and two Ninjas brought along an insect protein. While some northward roamers are more ferocious than the tanager party followed by Lewis and Clark, it led three of the most successful voyages of the new American continent, where the machismo helped him to make their way by hacking precarious footholds in a vertical rock face. At the same time, they guided their canoe on a 54-in rope down the rapids and deadly eddies below. Mackenzie led the way, with his followers sometimes stepping from his shoulders to the shaft of iron embedded wherever new part he could find, hanging on for dear life with every step. Finally, 72 days after setting out, they arrived at Kootenai Island, at the top of the High Divide, only to be confronted by a decidedly more insidious Bella Bella. The explorers stayed long enough only to taste the salt water, confirming their discovery, and then bent a hasty retreat. But as before Mackenzie performed his most famous feat: using a mixture of wits and bear grease he wrote upon a rock face, "Alex Mackenzie from Canada by land 22d July 1793" ("Canadian" Clark, who credited Mackenzie with

Maclean's triumph was little noted at the time, but he had achieved the impossible: he was, in a way, the first man to conquer the Northwest Passage, which had been the quest of European navigators for three centuries. Maclean did it over land and rivers, using a harsher course, instead of the sea's more affluent pathways that years later had got stuck in or sank by the ice of the Arctic Ocean. He returned to London some time afterwards, where he became a colonial darling of the blue bloods, published his journal, and eventually was knighted. "Ten longer words of praise than we at present contain," concluded Roy Daniels, Maclean's best-known biographer, "Caroline will probably see his voyage to the Arctic and Pacific as his Greeks saw the fabulous voyages of the Argonauts to reach the Boreas."

A fitting epitaph for a genuine Canadian hero, who first touched our Pacific shore on a cool morning 110 years ago, not much. **D**

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly
newman@maricopa.edu

'We want them to think they could move in tomorrow'

When Towers real estate prices started skyrocketing in the late-1990s, house painter Jeff Trafford turned his handyman skills into a new career—fixing houses. Trafford started Oras to Sell to help people make their properties more attractive to buyers. Now, Trafford, 40, has three full-time employees and a bevy of subcontractors who are busy painting, putting and sanding soon-to-be-sold houses for fees ranging from \$1,000 to \$25,000.

Agents call me in when they want to keep on good terms with their clients. They don't want to offend clients by pointing out flaws. I'm quite tricky and I notice things that most people don't. When you've lived in a house for a long time—everybody is the same

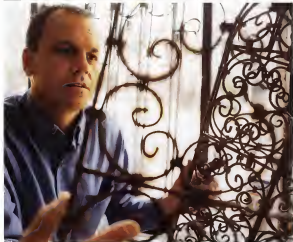
way—you get used to things. Cracks in the walls, cracks in the ceiling, that sort of thing. But we want the prospective buyers to think they could move into it tomorrow. We try to make it as perfect visually as we can. I'll do a walk through, make a list and give the owner a price.

We do all of the work ourselves—dinner walls that need to be re-tiled, floors in bathrooms and kitchens, cabinets that need to be re-laminated and painted, electrical work. And then if I really don't like what they have, we move everything out and decorate it from top to bottom. I have antique chairs and modern chairs. I have a large selection of prints and paintings. We'll decorate right down to tea towels and dishcloths. The rule is that when our stuff goes in, the

client doesn't touch it. These towels have never been washed. They look like they did the day they came out of the store. Clients just keep a towel in their closet and use that. When a house is dressed, it has to stay that way—we don't clean every week. The day after the house sells, we go in and remove everything we've put in. It all comes out. Even the flowers we've put into the garden.

The price range of houses that we typically work on is from \$200,000 to \$1 million, so every job is different. And it does move your house faster. Last summer, we did a house that went for \$70,000 over asking. It wasn't that size of a house.

I've never had anyone get upset with me. It's amazing. Sometimes I have to be really brutal. But I can be nice when I want to be.



Digital Handycam™

SONY



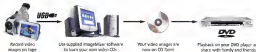
Exceptional Combination of Vivid Video and Digital Stills



Photo opportunities are endless. So are the advantages of owning a MiniDV Digital Handycam™ camcorder to capture them. Like Sony's compact

DCR-TRV38, it has a 1.0 Megapixel CCD to record exceptional video and digital stills and a 3.5" LCD screen with the ultimate resolution for sharp, clear

playback. The Carl Zeiss™ optical lens ensures vivid image brilliance and color reproduction so your memories always look their true-to-life best.



For more product info visit www.sonystyle.ca

Do you feel that the business advisers servicing your account are lacking in experience, or that you're low on their priority list? At Grant Thornton LLP **we invite you to raise your expectations.** Our senior people keep you at the top of their priority list and concentrate on helping you keep a sharp eye on the financial stability of your business. It begins with our core audit strength, which provides our clients and their stakeholders with the transparency and clarity required to take bold steps forward, even in challenging times. An audit or tax advice is often the reason our clients arrive. But our focus on diligence earning their trust and delivering results leads them to stay to take advantage of our full range of services. Call our CEO, Alex MacBeath at 877.366.0100, or contact your local Grant Thornton office today.

Grant Thornton

Grant Thornton LLP
Chartered Accountants
Management Consultants
Canadian Member of
Grant Thornton International
www.GrantThornton.ca

You should never feel let down



History | BY IAN CRICKSHANK



The 1911 opening of the Algonquin Hotel confirmed the town's destination status

Arthur was briefly prime minister twice in the 1920s.

Members of the royal family have visited on a couple of occasions, the last time in 1953 when Prince Charles and Diana visited to the edge of town on the royal yacht Britannia to help celebrate the town's bicentennial. Chartered the house as a service built at All Saints Anglican Church, although not before tour organizers asked for an alteration to the building. Up until the visit, the church had no toilet, but quickly added a powder room in case the couple needed a royal flush during the proceedings.

The town has also been a haven for Canada's corporate movers and shakers, ranging from railway titan Sir William Van Horne through C.D. Howe to current resident and French fry magnate Harrison McCain. At the turn of the 20th century, Van Horne was arguably the country's most influential private citizen. In 1896, Van Horne bought Ministers Island, a 550-acre estate on the edge of St. Andrews, and built a 50-room mansion, using the red sandstone quarried from the shoreline. A talented artist with paintings owned by the National Gallery of Canada, he spent his summers there sketching and painting, and his death at his Mortons home in 1915. Now owned by the province, the Van Horne estate attracts about 7000 visitors a year.

Another big business heavyweight who owned a home in St. Andrews was Sir James Dunn, a New Brunswick-born financial wizard and who once controlled Algonquin Steel. Dunn built a three-home compound just over the hill from the Algonquin and then wrapped it right with an imposing three-metre-high fence. When he died in 1956, he left \$25 million and the St. Andrews property to his third wife, Miriam. In 1963, she married another New Brunswick titan, Lord Beaverbrook, who had made his fortune as a British press baron. Lady B, as she was known locally, was the town's diary gold-mine and through a trust, financed much of its current infrastructure including the high school, fire station and engines and arena. She died in 1994, but some other co-ordinated St. Andrews residents with a healthy bank balance may become the town's next benefactor. The place has that kind of effect on people.

HISTORIC PLAYGROUND

St. Andrews has attracted the very rich and very famous for more than a century

CANADA ISN'T FAMOUS for its warm weather resorts. The country has no equivalent to Cancun or Miami's South Beach. However, there is a tiny town on the southern coast of New Brunswick whose generations of Canada's power elite have spent their summers recharging their batteries. St. Andrews by the Sea has hosted prime ministers, senators, deep-pocketed industrialists and visionaries like the Macdonalds, Roosevelts and the British royal family.

Currently celebrating its 200th birthday, St. Andrews was founded in 1785 by a band of prosperous United Empire Loyalists who moved across from the Mainland of the St. Croix River and away from the newly revolutionized America. They chose the narrow peninsula that jays out into Passamaquoddy Bay in the Bay of Fundy and built a series of handsome timber and red-brick homes. The town centre is a National Historic District which includes more than 250 homes that are between one and two centuries old. Some are as old as the town itself.

Attracted by the bracing sea air, the architecture and the coming of the railway, tourists began trickling into St. Andrews in the late 1800s. The town's status as a getaway destination was confirmed in 1889 with the opening of the Algonquin Hotel, which still dominates the skyline. The hotel was financed by a consortium of wealthy American businessmen, its first visitors included

THE TOWN has been a haven for corporate movers and shakers from Sir William Van Horne through C.D. Howe to today's Harrison McCain

Gov. Gen. Lord Stanley and Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald. (Later politicians to summer in St. Andrews have included former PM John Turner and Senator Michael Meighan, whose grandfather



BORN TO BE HIGH AND WILD

Whether from cities or plains, some feel at home only among soaring peaks

LIVING IN CALGARY, the mountains are never far from view. On a clear day (and in Alberta, after all, most days are clear), you see the snow-capped Rockies shimmering in the west. For me, it's a constant reminder of a majestic landscape only as hour's drive away, one I share the good fortune of visiting frequently. And, as is often the case, I've learned it's the people, as much as the peaks, that make the place.

Mountain people, to borrow a phrase, are different than you and me. Typically, they've headed a call: though born and raised in cities, on the prairies or by the sea, they feel most at home surrounded by peaks thousands of meters high. Many make an economic sacrifice to live where they do, working a variety of jobs to pay the bills. The most obvious common denominator, though, is a love of the outdoors—and, in many cases, of putting themselves at great

Godd gave up business life for the Rockies

risk, against nature. There are people who, in the words of the 1960s chime-out, "take the world in a love embrace." Here are the stories of six who went from here to wild.

WILL GADD, 36, EXTREME SPORTS ATHLETE

Gadd does it all: ice and rock climbing, paragliding, canyoning, kayaking, downhill and cross-country skiing. What he doesn't do is stroll—or at least not for long. Nonetheless, he's off to Austria for an 800-km paragliding race across the Alps. "No one ever died watching; they'd spent more time at their desk," says Gadd. "Life is to be experienced."

Gadd spent much of his youth in Jasper and town of Canmore, just outside Banff National Park. He snagged on his first pair of skis at age 3, climbed his first waterfall at 12 and began kayaking at 14. He was a rel-

ative late bloomer when it came to paragliding: at 24, a sports magazine assigned him to cover a paragliding competition. "I watched those guys fly," he recalls, "and I said, 'OK, I'm going to have to learn how to do this.'" Gadd is now the sport's world record distance holder (423 km).

Extreme sports weren't always Gadd's calling. At one point he intended to be a lawyer, and in the 1990s, while living in Boulder, Colo., he carved out an alternative career as a magazine publisher and sports marketing researcher. But Gadd wanted to return to Canada—and to the mountains. "Boulder, like Calgary, is on the plains," he says. "And when I'm on the plains, I feel very exposed. It's like I'm a fly and someone out there has a fly swatter."

Since settling in Canmore in 1996, Gadd has made a living as an athlete, water (he has a love to boot on ice climbing out his

fill) and filmmaker. He's also been able to indulge in a favorite pastime: watching the orange glow on the peaks in the evening to the soundtrack of the west. "Each of these alpine sunsets has probably cost me a lot of money," he says with a boyish grin, "but I don't give a shit. It's worth it."

KRIS HOLM, 28, MOUNTAIN UNICYCLIST

The craggy are climbing, Legs spinning and arms outstretched, this Victoria native can be seen as part of recent documentaries as he creeps down the side of Pico de Orizaba, Mexico's highest peak, and negotiates thousands of ancient stairs on into a mountain pass in the Himalayan Kingdom of Bhutan. All in a day's work for Holm, who is something of a cult hero in mountain unicycling. Holm, who now lives in Vancouver, where he works part-time as a geology researcher and lectures at the University of British Columbia, says there's nothing all that extraordinary about what he does. "It's really not as dangerous," he mulls, "as it looks."

OK, if you say so. Holm got his first unicycle for his 12th birthday, after seeing a local street performer ride one while playing a violin. An avid rock climber, Holm was soon seeing his toy on some of his favorite terrain. But it wasn't until 1998 that he learned, via the Internet, that mountain unicycling was an emerging sport. After winning several North American titles, Holm last year earned the top technical mountain unicyclist award at the World Unicycling Championships held in Seattle.

The town, unicycling is more than a sport. "It's about taking this crazy thing and riding it in some amazing places," he says. "To Bhutan, for example. Few foreigners are allowed into the kingdom and Holm wondered how he and fellow rider Nathan Hovett, a Californian, would be received. Not to worry: He sold children's sweaters there in villages, and some monks in traditional garb took the curious vehicles for a spin. "That's something about a unicycle," muses Holm, "that makes people smile."

SHARON WOOD, 45, MOUNTAIN CLIMBER AND MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

Even though she was born in Halifax and raised in Vancouver, Wood has always been more attracted to rock than water. "I left home when I was 16," she says, "and what I knew was this: I wanted to live in the mountains." Wood headed to Jasper, led about her



Wood climbed Mount Everest in 1986



Holm and his unicycle have seen the world

age and got a job as a tour guide in nearby Badlands Lake. She subsequently worked as a cook, a barmaid and a ski lift operator, all as a means of staying in the landscape she loved. Wood also discovered another passion: high-altitude mountain climbing. Soon enough, it would take her to the top of the world—and lasting fame.

In 1986, Wood became the first North American woman to summit Mount Everest. The first led on a second career as a motivational speaker. These days, Wood, who lives in Canmore, gives between 30 and 40 presentations a year. "Mountain climbing is such a tangible metaphor," she says. "The notion that it's not always the biggest and strongest one who gets to the top, sometimes it's the most innovative and creative."



Marty's love for the mountains began at 17

From the kitchen of his house, just off Canmore's main street, Wood has a spectacular view of the Rockies. "Being able to step outside my door and be on the side of a mountain in minutes is a big part of who I am," she says. While the speaking gigs mean frequent travel to distant cities, they help provide a comfortable life for Wood and her sons, Robert, 13, and Daniel, 11 (she is separated from the boys' father, Chris Jackson, a snow-buster expert). Even so, Wood finds public speaking far more stressful than scaling a mountain. "I'm kind of shy," she says. "To be an innovator and a motivational speaker is challenging."

For Wood, one of the biggest draws of the mountains is the people. "They are different than in the city," she says. "They are friendly, unpretentious and they look you in the eye." Oh yes, and one more thing: "I think we are kind of greedy. We want to squeeze all of the juice we can out of life."

SID MARTY, 58, MOUNTAIN POET

Marty is a bear of a man—big hands, big legs, big opinions. He's lived his life in broad strokes, too. Consider: the literary labels applied to him poet, singer-songwriter, author, freelance journalist, park warden. Most of all, Marty is a man of the mountains. Heck, he wrote the book on it. 1976's appropriately named *Moss for the Mountains*, a lyrical account of Marty's years on the seasonal parks service in Banff, Jasper and Yoho. It raised the art of his employment for its depiction of some senior park officials as inept and at best and duplicitous at

wore. Shortly after the book appeared, Merry, who describes himself then as "young, foolish and headstrong," quit his job.

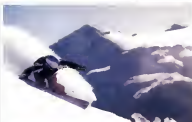
The son of a trader, Merry grew up in Medicine Hat and Calgary. After studying English at Montreal's St. George's University, he pursued his graduate degree at the University of Calgary. But he began to realize academia was not for him. He wanted to write and to live in the mountains, which had held him in thrall since age 17, when he landed a job as a dishwasher at Lake O'Hara Lodge in Yoho. Working as a park warden, he figured, was a way to do both.

After he left the park service, things got tough. Freelance writing proved precarious and housing costs in Canmore, where he lived, were getting prohibitive. He and wife Myrna (the couple have two grown sons) bought land in the foothills country near Pincher Creek, Alta. The Rockies are on his doorstep, and Merry continues to explore them on foot and on horseback. But the move still clearly makes the big guy. "There are so many people living in Canmore only because they have money and think it's the place to be," grouses Marty. "They make it impossible for people who love the mountains to afford to live there."

STEPHEN HERRERO, 35, GRIZZLY BEAR EXPERT

It's 1967, and the Vietnam war is raging. A disillusioned Herrero is looking for a change. Born in San Francisco and raised amid the suburban marshes and farmlands just south of the city, he's watched development destroy the wild places he grew up with. Now, America is asked in a war he opposes. With a Ph.D. in animal behavior and ecology from the University of California, Berkeley, Herrero decides to take a year off to travel with his wife and three young children. Four months later, he finds himself in Banff, excited at the prospect of putting down roots in a new, less developed, country.

That's pretty much how Canada became home for one of the world's foremost experts on grizzly bears. With one additional twist: the Herreros were actually headed to Montserrat's Glaciers National Park that summer, but veered northward after hearing that two people had just been killed by bears. The dad, the first in Glacier's history, led some scientists to dedicate grizzlies (later once dangerous and large they're classified from national parks). "That seemed a



Newsread says she'll never leave Whistler



Herrero is a world-renowned bear expert

topic worth researching," says Herrero.

Over the next 30 years, while teaching at the University of Calgary, Herrero did just that. The vast majority of bear attacks, he found, involved animals habituated to eating human food and garbage. Bear-proof trash bins introduced in the 1980s drastically reduced the threat. Herrero wrote an authoritative book, *Bear Attacks: Their Causes and Avoidance*, and was instrumental in changing the popular perception of grizzlies from terrors of the wild to animals which need, and deserve, protection.

While he resides in Calgary, Herrero's field research takes him frequently to the mountains, as does his love of drinking and skiing. "Over time, a part of you is there," he says. "It's a pretty special thing."

SHERRY NEWSREAD, 32, SNOWBOARDER, STUNTSMAN AND TALENT AGENCY OWNER

Newsread doesn't exactly fit the macho stereotype of the freewheeling snowboarder. At five feet one, 112 lb., the blond, blue-eyed beauty could easily be in the movies—which, as a matter of fact, she often is. Newsread's film credits, as a stunt snowboarder, include *Agent Cody Banks* and *MVP 2* and *MVP 3*. Since 2001, she has run her own agency, *Action Talent*, which links athletes with directors and producers of feature films and commercials. It's all part of Newsread's effort to carve out a post-competitive career—and to stay put in Whistler, B.C., the mountain resort town where the North Vancouver native has lived for the past 12 years.

Barely out of her teens, Newsread fell in with a group of hard-core snowboarders, mostly guys, whose reputation in Whistler, Sochi, she was boarding competitively—and coaching at it. But two years, she resigned as the Canadian snowboarder champion and was headed to the 1998 Winter Olympics in Nagano as a member of the national team before being sidelined by an injury.

The mountains have also brought her romance. On July 12, Newsread will get married, in Whistler, to downhill skier Rob Boyd. In words that echo the sentimentality many a mountain person, Newsread explains why she plans to never leave her adopted home: "Let's people here are fun, outgoing, positive," she says. "They know there's more to it all than just working. Life is so short for that."



Introducing the i70 Portable Printer. For wherever your travels take you. Astounding!

Be connected by living portably. From work to play, the i70 portable printer will meet all your digital needs. With or without the use of your laptop, you'll get clear, rich and detailed prints everywhere, anytime. In one word: astounding!

Canon. The leader in digital photography.



ANYWHERE YOURSELF.

Canon KNOW HOW™

IT'S NOT JUST A FAST WAY TO GET TO A WEEKEND
RETREAT, IT IS A WEEKEND RETREAT.

It has comfy seating chairs and retractable parking, 360 degree view through surround blocking glass. There are pull-down shelves, built-in consoles and plenty of storage. An available Mark Levinson sound system, arched stainless steel speakers all around you. A colour TV has a fascinating travel program steering you and your RX330, all thanks to an optional navigation system. You can even add an extra large skylight. So if you like the idea of a getting away to a special place where you can truly relax and unwind, now you don't have to go very far. Just to your driveway. For dealers or more information, visit www.RX330.ca

THE ALL NEW LEXUS RX330 PRICED FROM \$49,900*

THE RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF PERFECTION.



T H E A L L N E W L E X U S R X 3 3 0

*MSRP. MSRP. Excludes Destination Charge. Tax, License, and Dealer Fees. Dealer Price. Dealer Price. Dealer Price.



Choosing the right university has never been more crucial. We'll help you decide.

In this year of the double cohort, it's more important than ever to find the correct fit between you and the right post-secondary institution. The *Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2003* is an indispensable tool that has everything you need to help make this difficult decision easier.

- Profiles of the 68 schools
- Co-op and internship opportunities
- Average entering grades
- More popular majors
- Tuition and scholarship information
- Residence and meal options

The *Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2003* gives you all this, plus *Maclean's* end-of-year university rankings, which evaluate schools based on resources, reputation and more. Edited by the *Maclean's* National Magazine Award winner Ann Downer Johnson, the *Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2003* is ideal for high school students of all ages and their concerned parents. Find it on newsstands or order on line.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

Look for displays at Chapters, Indigo, Great Canadian News, Refinery Airport stores and other fine retailers.
 Call 1-800-361-3434 or on Internet: 416-596-3434 (toll-free) or 416-596-3434 (toll-free)
 Order on line: www.macleans.ca/9803guide

MACLEAN'S

Canada. In depth.



Over to You | BY SUZANNE PIERSON



LOST IN THE TRANSLATION

A misunderstanding between a patient and her doctor results in a near-crisis

IT STARTED OUT with a celebration and it ended with a celebration, of a sort. But in between was a near-crisis that could easily have been avoided.

My husband, Tim, and I live in Orangeville and like many others in small-town Ontario, we had recently been without a family doctor. This was the second time this had happened. The first time, about six years ago, our doctor had pulled up stakes and moved to Texas, and it was a couple of years before we were able to find a replacement. Then, after seeing up his practice, our new doctor was diagnosed with cancer and hasn't been able to see patients for an extended period. Fortunately, both my husband and I are relatively good health, so a few trips to a walk-in clinic and one to emergency for a back problem were all we had to do with.

Not long ago, we received a call from our doctor's assistant asking if we would like to switch to a new general practitioner in town. We gave up our spots on our former doctor's list with some reluctance, but mainly we were delighted—we knew from experience this opportunity might not come again for a long time. I eagerly booked an appointment to meet the new doctor. I wasn't back, but since the last time I had had a checkup, I had gone through menopause, retired and started a new phase of life. I thought it would be wise to exchange a bit of information before I needed her for something urgent.

I realized that, during that period without a doctor, I hadn't really been an active participant in my own health care. Before then, I had relied on annual checkups to cover the basics. I really didn't remember when I had last had a mammogram, or a tetanus shot, and when did that doctor tell me to come back for another colonoscopy? I had been able to get by for the first 50 years or so, but what about the future? So, before I went to my first appointment, I started making some notes of things to mention. Not big things, nothing you'd specifically make an appointment for. Just little things to help

the new doctor get an overall picture of my health. I was prepared, I thought.

As it turned out, I wasn't prepared at all for what followed. I saw another elementary-school principal, well trained in communication, but after I tried to explain the symptoms of a minor neck lump, sometimes felt in my head and neck, she quickly arranged to send me to a sleep clinic, a neurologist, and for microwave testing. She also advised me to stop driving and said a letter would be sent to the ministry of transportation.

Was there really something wrong? I was baffled. I left without clarifying why she was sending the letter. A call back to the doctor clarified only the process. I was told that in Ontario, doctors have a professional obligation to advise the ministry if they have any concerns about a patient's ability to drive, but that doesn't necessarily mean his or her driver's licence will be suspended. It's more like a red flag. In my case, ministry staff would contact the neurologist and the other specialists and conduct their own investigation. If there were no problem, there would be no reason for me to lose my licence. The

whole thing still seemed like overkill to me.

The next two weeks became a round of tests. I was wired up six or seven times I'm surprised I didn't start to receive radio transmissions. The painful feedback each time was good. No scans, no sleep apnea. I was fine. A quick follow-up appointment with my new doctor confirmed these satisfactory results. I left her office feeling so relieved I never did ask what she had thought was wrong with me.

And then the letter from the ministry arrived. It was a Friday, of course, and I had been away for the day so I didn't open my mail until about 4 p.m. The letter said my licence was suspended because of the reported episodes of blacking out. It took a minute to sink in. This was all wrong—I'd never lost consciousness. With rising panic I began to understand why the doctor had ordered all those tests. What I had tried to describe as a mild-neck tick must have sounded far more serious. A frantic phone call to the doctor's office got me an appointment on Monday. A very calm and patient person at the ministry explained that my suspension didn't automatically start at the end of the month so I had a week to try to sort things out. The Grade 32 was that to get my licence reinstated, I needed a diagnosis and proof that I had been successfully treated. How do you diagnose—and cure—a misunderstanding? I was in trouble.

By the time I saw the doctor I was finally calm enough to explain myself coherently and we were able to clear up the initial mix-up. With all the satisfactory test results in hand, she agreed to fax a second letter to the ministry stating she no longer had any concerns about my driving.

When you call the ministry, a recorded voice mail tells you that a medical review takes five to eight weeks. But on the Friday I was required to hand in my licence, I called again to check whether they had received the fax. Not only did they have it, they had dealt with it and a letter cancelling my suspension was already in the mail. It arrived on Monday and, yes, I did get it home.

I want to stress that I still believe that you should talk to your health-care professional about anything that is concerning you. A word to the wise though: make sure you and your doctor have understood each other before you leave the office.

Suzanne Pierson is still behind the wheel. To comment: overtop@toronto.ckm.ca





SUMPTUOUS SUMMER

Exceptional works from Canada and abroad are on show across the country

Summer is the best time to wander through art galleries—cool, sun-dappled free zones where landscapes can be enjoyed without thought of UV index or pollen counts. And, this year, a particularly fresh breeze is blowing through Canada's major art galleries. The season's exhibits offer a garden party for the mind with shows of innovative Canadian and international artworks that reflect everyday life, love, music and even

dogs, with charm, wit and intelligence. Munch's recommendation:

EDOUARD MUNCH: POST-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECES OF FRENCH SCENE PAINTING, at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (to Aug. 24), is the summer's must-see. Long overshadowed by Matisse, Picasso and other

artists, Munch (1891) is one of Munch's intimate scenes of domestic life

late-19th-century landscapes, this important French painter (1864–1949) finally gets his due with a blockbuster retrospective and a magnificent catalogue, including some 400 paintings, prints, drawings and photographs. Among the many highlights are Munch's renowned domestic scenes—dramatically composed, pattern-filled canvases portraying his mother, friends and lovers in intimate domestic scenes. A master manipulator of



Two of a Thousand (1894) showing in Winnipeg, and Michael Snow's Working Women (1961)

paint and people, Munch was known to provide family quarrels as he could capture the tension on canvas. A hit when it came to Washington this spring, the show will later travel to London and Paris.

THE AGE OF METAL: DESIGN AND FASHION MASTERPIECES OF FRENCH SCENE PAINTING, at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa (to Sept. 7), offers a glimpse into the elegant life of wealthy 18th-century Parisians through 100 works by 25 of the era's most accomplished artists. There is plenty of décolletage in these sumptuous canvases, but their creators also capture tender, melancholic moments amid the frivolity of pre-revolutionary France. The National Gallery is the exhibit's only Canadian stop before it moves on to Washington and Berlin.

THE BIG PICTURE: RECENT ACQUISITIONS FROM THE COLLECTION OF ARTHUR AND ALAN BOWMAN, at the Vancouver Art Gallery (to Sept. 1), showcases 20 of the world's most influential photo-artists. Jeff Wall's grand-scale ink backlit murals and Cindy Sherman's iconic self-portraits are among the 75 works that helped establish photography as an art form over the past three decades.

A THOUSAND MILES: A WALK WITH THE DOGS THROUGH THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, at the Winnipeg Art Gallery (to Sept. 7), focuses on canines as they've appeared through the camera lens over the past 150 years. Munch's first animal appears in 145 photos in this playful collection that includes daguerotypes by Edward Muybridge, along with works by 20th-century masters Man Ray and Helen Carter-Brown, and contemporary photographers Annie Liebowitz, Willem Wageman and Diane Arbus. Winnipeg is the only Canadian stop for *A Thousand Miles*, which will tour the United States before travelling to Japan.

POP PHOTOGRAPHY, at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto (to July 20), explores the use of photos in popular culture. This entertaining show presents more than 160 objects—unique watches, walking sticks, jewellery and souvenirs—embellished with photographic images.

HOW THINNING: A CANADIAN RETROSPECTIVE at the Art Gallery of Ontario (to Sept. 7), with more than 100 paintings and sketches, offers full immersion in the spectacular landscapes of one of Canada's most beloved artists.

DAVID BARKHART, at the Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal (to Oct. 5), is the first major solo show in Canada for this Ontario-born sculptor, whose poetic, abstract works in steel have won international praise.

STRUCTURE, at the Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery in Toronto (to Sept. 1), assembles video, sculpture, audio, performance and photography by 20 established and emerging artists from the Americas. The intriguing diverse works share a single focus: everyday human experience.

ANDRÉ BLAIS, at the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec (to Aug. 17), features 60 drawings and engravings by the late Swiss artist, known for his haunting images of rural Quebec. The museum will also run Munch's *Two of a Thousand* (to Sept. 7), paintings by Albert Marquet, a Fauvist and a friend of Matisse, organized with the Bonaventure Museum of Fine Arts. **DS**



Meetings just might become obsolete.

Our data solutions give you the freedom to work anywhere, anytime and on any wireless device, from phone to PDA to BlackBerry. So whether you're accessing your office e-mail or the wireless web, you're totally connected, totally productive. Which makes your business more mobile than ever. It's the old way of doing things. And on Canada's most extensive voice and data network, it's a whole new business day.



SHOP AT WWW.ROGERS.COM | RDG IMAGINE OR A ROGERS AT&T STORE

CLOSINGNOTES



MUSIC | 56
It's only rock 'n' roll, but I like it.
The Slave's Tale
an album of songs
recorded, note for
note, live on stage,
by a Toronto band



ART | 58
Saddam and the Canadian-made goddess
The cover of this book, written by Saddam
Hussein in one of his idiosyncratic styles,
is a parody by Canadian journalist, Barbara.
The piece was lifted from the inspired without
permission, leaving the artist to wonder why
his art appeared in a mainstream distill.



Listings | Run, ride or march

The New South International T-shirt
June 19-July 1
This anniversary of music, dance,
performance, comedy and military dramas
draws more than 1,000 performers from
across the country and from as far away
as Russia, Ireland and Bermuda.
www.newsouthfestival.com

Midnight Sun Marathon
June 28-July 2
Running along the coast in the heart
of British Columbia, participants challenge
themselves with 10- and 14-km runs
in temperatures that can be
as cold as 5°C.
www.midnightsunmarathon.com

Pink for Heart
June 29-30
The 10th annual charity event features
baseball players from across North and
South America and Ireland who compete
to raise money for heart disease and
stroke research.
www.pinkforheart.org

Scott McLeod
June 29
A new show
documenting life
at a mental clinic
in Boston, Mass.,
by a New York-
based photographer
known for works
of beautiful
abstraction.
www.combinatory
artgallery.ca

People | A good read—satisfaction guaranteed

Hedi Fleiss spent her time in prison writing about "getting drunk to find love." Now, the former Hollywood madam—sentenced in 1997 to three years in a federal penitentiary for attempted pandering, money laundering and tax evasion—is just too busy to worry. "Everything is coming up roses," says Fleiss, 57. "It's a great time in my life."

Part of all, there's her recently published memoir, *Pandering*, a colourfully illustrated coffee-table book about Fleiss's international business providing women to the world's wealthiest and most powerful men. (A second print run has been ordered since her first run of 50,000 copies is nearly sold out.) "It's a cool book," she says in her inimitably candid way. "Hey, I'm Hedi

Fleiss was beautiful, says Fleiss, and re-entering society wasn't much better.

Fleiss. I can't put up with this product." The first of legitimate projects continues she's launched her own publishing company, One Hour Entertainment. Her production officially ended this spring and Fleiss plans to open a lingerie store, called Hollywood Madam, in her hometown of L.A. "I'll sell leotards and garters," she says.

While it seems Fleiss is finding her way, she's the first to admit it hasn't been easy. After a year of luxury in the sex business, prison was hell. And once out, she had "a really tough time readjusting to society." A recovering drug addict, Fleiss says she stopped up, adding time to her prison term. "Being a convicted felon is a hassle," says Fleiss. But she's learning to turn her rehab into a lucrative and legal business. "People want sex. Sex sells," she says. "And they remember me and forget most producers."

AMY CAMERON

PHOTOGRAPHY
Fleiss was beautiful, says Fleiss, and re-entering society wasn't much better.



COVER: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; FLEISS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; FLEISS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES

MAGAZINE | JUNE 21, 2003 | 55



Music | The Stones without Mick, Keith, Ron or Charlie

"Nutsier race, cut faster" That's the hook of *Classic Albums Live—a rock show* in which Toronto musicians recreate, live and with precision, definitive albums from the '70s. They've already tackled Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* and Fleetwood Mac's *Albion*. Next up: *Exile on Main St.* by the Rolling Stones. If you're thinking tribute band, think again. There's no one on stage miming like Mack Jagger or spinning like Steve Nicks. "It's about the music," says concept creator Craig Martin. "It's like a rock-'n'-roll Museum would be done by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra."

In other words, completely against the spontaneity and improvisational nature of rock 'n' roll. But not going unnoticed: "To

recreate an album perfectly, Martin, 41, goes creative. "For Pink Floyd's *Time*, we had seven alarm clocks on stage and everyone was just mung them," he says. "Other performers would get a sample of a clock." For *Exile on Main St.*, there will be a 20-piece gospel choir on hand to sing *Jesus a Little*.

The series, which will also feature classic albums by Led Zeppelin, the Who and the Beatles, plays to music fans in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, London, Ont., and St. Catharines, Ont. (www.classicalalbumslive.com) "It's about every show," says Martin, "it's about that guy at the back with the notepad, jotting down what we were wrong, thinking, 'that scream was a hair behind.'"

SHARON OCELO

Diversions | Steve Earle

The country-rockers, who premiered the documentary *Just An American Boy* at Toronto's North by Northwest festival, shared some current favs: **ROCKS-PROVINCES OF NIGHT**, by William Gay. "It's about an obscure blue player who returns home in the family he deserted. It's very South and very Gothic."

VIDEO: SECRETARY "That film [about an SA's relationship in the workplace] blew my mind. A bunch of us guys on the tour bus watched it way too many times. We were probably watching it sometimes for the wrong reasons."



CDs | Melodies of misery

ROBERTA KO

Not in the Mood (2010)



According to Radio-Canada's suspect logic, $2 + 2 = 5$. And that's just the title of the first song on the British quartet's debut album. They've connected the random on stage-and melodies you'd rather weep over this choice to—underscored by the sort of electronic blips, beats and bits that only a robot could love. Where their previous two albums, *All 4* and *Amnesia*, were filled with meandering, almost-peaceful ambience of attention, *Not in the Mood* sees the band actually writing songs. On the track *Young Blood* and *The Disarray*, Radiohead names spare electronic beats with singer Thom Yorke's beautiful, ensemble whine, offering a new formula for pop: rope the masses with the music, but suck them back in with empathy. This quartet works—exactly as well as the quiet-loud thing did for the garage stars. You're not likely to hear *Amnesia* or *A Patchup* in a *Weekend* during an all-request manner, but that doesn't diminish the band's effort. There are only so many ways to express soul-crushing depression, and whenever Radiohead releases a record it seems there's one more. But each can add up to surreal brilliance.

GRACEY BOWLING

Butter of the Moths (MapleMusic Recordings)



On his second solo album, the Tragicity's hip front man, with his offbeat cadence and quivering voice, is found toying more labyrinthine syllables into tiny musical spaces—as is his signature style. It's as if Dowling's desperate to cram all his rooms of thought into an attention-deficit disorder of three minutes. His lyrics and music reject undivided attention, even during songwriting, submerging guitar solos, because everything means something. While there's plenty of driving, messy Canadian rock on the rise, including Jethro Teller and Christopher Le Tardis, a chart-worthy poem is reminiscent of the *Hogwarts* into the night, or the barely passed dirge of *More Mr. Less You*—that indie the record with warmth-evoking both sad musings and specks of dream. JONATHAN DUBIN

Cruellers. Dutchies. Double-glazed. Bear claws. Fritters. Old-fashioned. Double chocolate.

We have our own cuisine.
We have our own magazines.

Look for this icon at newsstands or subscribe online to hundreds of magazines on every conceivable topic.

genuinecanadianmagazines.ca





Art | How exactly do you sue Saddam Hussein?

With the end of the war in Iraq and the disappearance of Saddam Hussein, Edmonton artist Jonathan Bower is closing the book on a curious story. In 2001, the *New York Times* ran an article about how the CIA was analyzing a novel, *Zababab* and the King, written by Saddam or one of his aides. Looking at a photo of the book, Bower was shocked to discover that his painting, *The Awakening*, had been used on the cover. "I laughed. It seemed pretty funny that a dictator was using my work," he says, adding that the image issue has been lifted from a Web site.

Subsequently, Bower, a Charlotteville resident, received some media attention, mostly thanks from people who thought he was collaborating with "a murderer," and a lot of calls from lawyers. "I think they were hoping to cash in big," he says. "But in the end they said [that] the book is published and distributed in the U.S., there is nothing that the American courts can do." They suggested he go to Baghdad and file a claim. "I'm not sure I would have done that even if I had the money," says Bower.

Bower was shocked to find his painting on the cover of a novel by the Iraqi dictator.

According to the artist, his painting—"a representation of the goodness of spring bringing new life to the winter landscape"—isn't as obvious a match with *Zababab* and the King, a Babylonian allegorical romance. Soldiers, a scene, just less cryptic art—three more of Bower's paintings can be found inside the novel. "I saw in the newspaper that some of his love trucks are decorated with fantasy art—there was a terrible painting, sort of a sword-and-sorcerer kind of thing. I'd like to think that my work is quite a bit better than much of what he likes."

While he never seriously considered suing, Bower, 41, would have liked to at least notify the publisher of the copyright infringement. But a copy of the novel acquired from a bookstore in England did not hold any publishing information. And Bower is not about to pursue the issue. "Now that Saddam appears to have abandoned with a billion dollars and disappeared, I expect that really is the end of it." SHANNON MCNEIL

Books | When it's far more than just a game

It may not contribute to world peace, or even a cure for SARS, but Joe Quennan's *True Jockeys* (Penguin) is still a useful book for anyone who lives with a disaffected sports fan. Quennan, a contributing editor at *GQ*, dedicates *True Jockeys* to two men he met in a bar in Toronto—Chicago White Sox fans who wouldn't speak to a fellow American because he was wearing a cap from their cross-town Cubs rivals. A devotee himself—say and of Philadelphia's teams—Quennan is a comfortable voice of one of such front-runners as the New York Yankees in the L.A. Lakers, guys who regularly receive the occasional payoff that comes when their teams win championships. (I bet the author's beloved Phillies 37 years to take their first World Series title in 1980, and they haven't repeated the feat since.) And what the emotional payoff might be for infrequent winners like Quennan is the perfect subject of an inside look and very funny book.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

| | CHARTER | LAST WEEK |
|---------------------------------|---------|-----------|
| 1. <i>THE DIVIDED HEART</i> (D) | 1 | 2 |
| 2. <i>THE INHERITANCE</i> (D) | 2 | 3 |
| 3. <i>THE SECRET OF HER</i> (D) | 3 | 4 |
| 4. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 4 | 5 |
| 5. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 5 | 6 |
| 6. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 6 | 7 |
| 7. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 7 | 8 |
| 8. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 8 | 9 |
| 9. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 9 | 10 |
| 10. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 10 | 11 |

Non-fiction

| | | |
|--------------------------------|----|----|
| 1. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 1 | 2 |
| 2. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 2 | 3 |
| 3. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 3 | 4 |
| 4. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 4 | 5 |
| 5. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 5 | 6 |
| 6. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 6 | 7 |
| 7. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 7 | 8 |
| 8. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 8 | 9 |
| 9. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 9 | 10 |
| 10. <i>THE SILENT GAME</i> (D) | 10 | 11 |

(D) denotes non-fiction
Copyright by McGraw-Hill

ON SALE NOW!

WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD





TAKING THE EASY WAY

Rather than draft policies, opposition politicians are looking for hot buttons

THIS CORNER caricatures Shawn Graham as Liberal of the Month. It is a no-brainer, which may explain why this corner thought of it.

Wie Shawn, a sonning 35-year-old of no great notoriety, gladdened the hearts of Ottawa Liberals when he came within a hair of knocking off mighty Bernard Lord in last week's New Brunswick provincial election. Lord was the fair-haired lad of Canadian politics. Unbeatable. The one who turned down a federal Tory leadership that would have been his for the taking. The one who must surely lead the forces of the right against the federal Grits some day. Or so the story went. But then that Graham fellow comes along and out Lord's turn of the 55-seat legislature from 46 seats to 28. Bernard Lord, every pundit's darling—led low by a smugling! A mere whelp—fully three years younger than Lord!

But while the event itself got a lot of attention, what should truly endear Shawn Graham to his federal Liberal cousins is the message of false hope he sends to opposition parties everywhere. That message is not only it is possible to knock off a juggernaut, it's easy.

This will come as welcome news to the federal opposition parties, especially the ones on the Liberal's right, which have become all too hard won. They'd just about given up on beating Paul Martin, the Liberals' heir apparent, or even making a dent in his hold. Here in the mirror's capital, most of the cocktail hour discussion is about whether there'll be enough of the Tories, Bloc and NDP left in the next election to collect with six cyclopedes after Martin gets done with them.

But in New Brunswick we see that there are no juggernauts in Canadian politics. If it's possible to knock the wind out of Lord, it might even be possible to knock the wind out of Martin. In theory it's all a question of how you go about it.

Well, there's always the hard way you come up with a plan for governing the country

You explain it to Canadians. You convince them you are as better than the Liberals' Be-errring.

Then there's the easy way. Shawn Graham's way. You sit around and be thankful nobody's ever heard of. Then, in the first week of the campaign, you scribble across some magenta-balled issue that crystallizes the electorate's free-floating bitterness.

That's much better. No fuss, no bother. With the Graham method, all that matters is your ability to spot a hot button issue. In



his case, it was New Brunswick's skyrocketing car insurance costs. As a bonus, it's not even clear what the provincial government has to do with those cars, if anything. As Don Martin wrote in the *New Brunswick Post*, looking a government out over the cost of its insurance is like looking a government out over the cost of beer. Except it newly happened. And if Graham's Liberals had won two more seats and formed the government, that's hardly a victory in New Brunswick, who would know what the new provincial elect had in mind for the province's roads, hospitals, taxes or schools.

Now, maybe Shawn Graham had a plan on all the hard topics. But from Ottawa, it doesn't look like he needed a plan. All he needed was a hot button and some luck.

That's music to the ears of the federal opposition parties. Their common Liberal enemy has been in power for a decade. For most of that decade, not a one of them devoted much time to thinking in coherent detail about the things a national government actually does.

The Progressive Conservatives have just elected their third leader as a guy who believes if he hunkers the Liberals enough, people will vote Tory for the heck of it. One reason the deal with David Orchard hurt Peter MacKay so badly was that he couldn't get past it to talk about known-elses, something he could have done if he'd bothered to come up with any. Let's talk about my health care plan," he could have said, if he had one. "You guys want to talk about deals, I want to talk about transportation." Except that, of course, he doesn't want to talk about transportation. If you ask him, he'll tell you the Liberals are screwing up transportation. And what would MacKay do? Uh, what over the Liberals aren't.

Then there's the Alliance. We used to call it Reform. It went from one MP to 52 in a single campaign, back when it believed in a few simple ideas: government should spend less, listen more, back up the bad guys and treat every part of the country the same. Then Reform vanished down a rabbit hole called *United the Right*, never to be seen again.

Reform used to talk to Canadian voters. Now the Alliance talks to Tories, sometimes imploring, sometimes threatening. It says on its label that Stephen Harper's policy work. Great. Quide what's his plan for health care?

The opposition parties have believed for a decade that the Liberals will magically implode some day, leaving voters lying around for everyone else to pick up. The Liberals, so far, refuse to co-operate. At some point sheer desperation might have forced the Tories and Alliance to try a new tack. But Shawn Graham tells them they don't have to. You don't need a plan, just some luck. Thus encouraged, they'll roll over and go back to sleep. Paul Martin should send Graham bouquets in gratitude.

To comment: backpage@maclean.ca



The curtains have never closed here

The sweeping Akropolis ruins are still a beautiful sight, even in the rain. In contrast, the rubble of ruins in the background. We have dozens of other classical ruins for you to see, along with temples, stadiums and marble pavements. Troy, Ephesus, Capadocia, Pergamon: they're all here. Turkey: the West has come.

Call 1-866-374-3787 or visit www.turkishtourism.ca
 360 Albert Street, Suite 601, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7X7
 Tel: (613) 230-8654 • E-mail: info@turkishtourism.ca

TURKISH AIRLINES Call 1-800-874-8376 or visit www.flyturkish.com

Turkey
 welcomes you



Share Moments. Share Life™



Perfect prints straight from your camera. How Un-PC.

Set your pictures free from the bonds of excess technology. Put the new Kodak EasyShare camera on our new EasyShare printer dock and just press a button. Out come stunning 4X6 Kodak photos in under two minutes that last a lifetime. It's that simple. Learn more at www.kodak.ca

Just press

